

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**

# **Sports Illustrated**

SEPTEMBER 10, 1973 60 CENTS

**No.1**



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☐ Broadway/Hollywood/FX

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Name  (Please Print)

Address

City  State

Phone  (Area Code)

I intend to new member, continental U.S. only, use membership card for family.

Y-CY TN

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**Start Saving Now!** Take any 8 tapes for 99¢ with trial membership. Indicate your choices on the coupon, mail it today!

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RCA



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Tinplate Producers/American Iron  
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\*St. Louis Solid Waste Demonstration Project is funded and operated by U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, City of St. Louis, Union Electric Company, and American Iron and Steel Institute.

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## Count 'em.

The new CASIO-MINI electronic calculator can add, subtract, multiply or divide; square; do decimal, chain or mixed calculations. In fact, this pocket-sized battery or AC (with adaptor) calculator can do almost anything you need it to do.

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### *Casio*

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When she asks you  
to let her  
drive your car,  
it's a Lotus.



1

The Lotus Europa Twin-Cam Special, from England. With mid-engine. And the feel of a real racing machine.

Find her  
a fun fur  
in a fun city:  
Copenhagen.



2

Travel and accommodations for two at the D'Angleterre Hotel in Copenhagen for 7 days and \$1,000 to buy a fur.

Keep him around  
by letting him  
have a superbly  
comfortable chair.



3

The Eames chair and ottoman from Herman Miller. Probably the world's most comfortable seating arrangement.

When everything's  
just too much,  
relax in your  
personal sauna.



6

A Cecil Ellis sauna imported from Finland, complete with sauna stove and igneous rocks. 4' X 6' X 6½'

Take a  
good crew  
on a midnight  
sail.



7

The Hobie Cat 16. A 16-ft. catamaran, great for two, okay for four. A class boat that can go 25.9 mph.

Start the evening  
by letting her  
pick her own  
orchid.



8

A Lord & Burnham window greenhouse installed and 20 orchid plants to grow in it. Up to 48" X 72"

# MULTIFILTER



# FROM 20 VERY MODERN CIGARETTES.

Go fly a couple  
of kites  
on the beach  
at Acapulco.



4

Travel and accommodations  
for two at the Acapulco  
Princess for 7 days. And two  
kites to fly in the Mexican sky.

If you want  
to play the game,  
you'll have  
the court.



5

A 30-week season of weekly  
hour-long tennis sessions  
near you. Plus two rockets of  
your choice.

Beat the  
gas shortage in  
a two-person  
pedal car.



9

A pedal car called a PPV—for  
People Powered Vehicle. It's  
noiseless. Non-pollutant. Nice  
healthful exercise.

Try to  
keep your cool  
on a raft down  
the Colorado.



10

Travel for two to Las Vegas  
and on to the Colorado River  
for 5 days camping and shoot-  
ing the white-water rapids.



Regular or Menthol

Multifilter is the cigarette for today's  
lifestyle. From the feel of the pack,  
to the design of the filter, to the taste  
of the tobacco.

The prizes in our 10 sweepstakes have  
to do with today's zest to go, to do, to try  
something new. And are as modern as our  
very modern cigarettes.

Choose one. Or more than one. Then,  
please, read the rules. Note especially  
that each of the 10 sweepstakes must be  
entered separately and that each entry  
must be mailed individually—with the  
number of the sweepstakes on the lower  
left corner of the envelope.

#### OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED—ALL PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED

1. In as the number of the sweepstakes you wish to enter in the space provided on the official entry blank on each pack of 20 Multifilter cigarettes.  
2. Hold your name address, zip code on your entry include select the prize(s) from the list of prizes on the Multifilter cigarette pack.  
3. Enter as often as you wish but you may enter only one sweepstakes per entry and each entry must be mailed separately to Multifilter, P.O. Box 2200, Westbury, New York 11590. Entries must be postmarked by Feb. 1, 1974 and received by Feb. 10, 1974.

4. IMPARTIALITY: You must select the number of the sweepstakes you wish to enter in the space provided on the lower left-hand corner.  
5. Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for sweepstakes by National Judging Institute Inc. on independent judging organizations whose decisions are final. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received for each sweepstakes. Winners may be asked to accept an affidavit of residence and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. Liability for losses is the sole responsibility of the individual winners.

6. Contest open to all U.S. residents over 21 years of age except employees and their families of Philip Morris Inc. or its subsidiaries and National Judging Institute Inc. This offer is subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Idaho, Missouri, Washington, Wisconsin and wherever prohibited, restricted or taxed.

7. For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Multifilter, 11590 Westbury, New York 11590.

Menthol 11 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine,  
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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Multifilter, P.O. Box 2200, Westbury, New York 11590  
I'm pretty sure which sweepstakes to enter and I've carefully read the rules.  
The sweepstakes number is \_\_\_\_\_ and the prize is \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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And that's just the start.

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**You see, in a condominium, every unit owner is liable for damage.**

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It is normally protected by the association's insurance, paid for by all the condominium unit owners.

But this insurance may not be adequate. In that case, when an expense hits the association, all members can be assessed to pay the bill.

But now, Allstate's new Condominium Owners' Insurance

provides Loss Assessment Coverage. It picks up where your association insurance may leave off. Check with your Allstate agent for all the details.

### Another important feature

If you rent out your condominium apartment to somebody else (for the summer, for example), we'll continue your policy's coverage against losses happening in your absence, for an additional charge.

**Allstate**  
You're in good hands.

Available in most states. Naturally all coverage is subject to deductibles.

\*Basic assessments coverage is \$1,000. This can be increased to \$50,000 for a few dollars.

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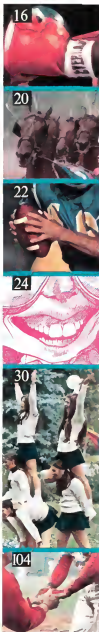
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**PRO FOOTBALL** is back and, says Tex Maule, the game has gone back: coaches are obsessed with not making mistakes rather than dreaming up new ways to make touchdowns. Our annual issue also contains a dozen pages of scouting reports; a gallery of old pros, as seen through Neil Leifer's lens; a look at grizzled 49er Charlie Krueger by Morten Shurnik; and John Underwood's revealing portrayal of Don Shula. Plus news stories on Forest Hills, the baseball pennant race, the UCLA-Nebraska football game and the World Swimming Championships in Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

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Oxfords and High-Tops. In a variety of colors, solids and stripes. At larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. Retail Stores and in the catalog.

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**Hear them as they**

Jitterbopping to the  
swinging music of  
Harry James in 1942

TIME-LIFE RECORDS presents instrumental and vocal hits of

# The Swing Era

re-created in the original arrangements and  
recorded in today's advanced-technology stereo

There's never been anything quite like it in America's musical history—the great music from the era when Swing was king.

Glenn Miller's hypnotically rhythmic "Tuxedo Junction," the jangling brass and lifting clarinet of Benny Goodman's "Let's Dance," Harry James' trumpet wailing "You Made Me Love You," the seductive clarinet solo of Artie Shaw's "Begin the Beguine," and so many more.

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As your introduction, audition

**The Music of 1940-1941  
free for 10 days**



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LIFE  
RECORDS**



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See and read sheet (Herkup  
Lou Gehrig, players, ob-  
scene refs., the 2001 suffi-  
2nd Street, Carlos Mencia,  
the Trylon and Perisphere  
Joe Louis and Terry Gato  
the 20th Century Limited  
and much, much more



Also available in tape cartridges and cassettes (\$2 additional)

sounded "in person" then...

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AND MANY MORE

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AND MANY MORE

## The Swing Era

The Music of 1937-1938

DON'T BE THAT WAY/Benny Goodman version • SUMMERTIME/Bob Crosby version • JOHN'S IDEA/Count Basie version • LIZA/Chick Webb version • BACK BAY SHUFFLE/Arlie Shaw version • SMOKE RINGS/Glen Gray version • POW-ERHOUSE/Raymond Scott version • BOOGIE WOOGIE/Tommy Dorsey version • SOUTH RAMPART STREET PARADE/Bob Crosby version • I CAN'T GET STARTED/Bunny Berigan version  
AND MANY MORE

## The Swing Era

The Music of 1938-1939

BEGIN THE BEGUINE/Arlie Shaw version • MY REVERIE/Larry Clinton version • UNDECIDED/John Kirby version • WOODCHOPPER'S BALL/Woody Herman version • JUMPIN' AT THE WOODSIDE/Count Basie version • MEMORIES OF YOU/Glen Gray version • BIG NOISE FROM WINNETKA/Haggart-Bauduc version • JOHN SILVER/Jimmy Dorsey version • AND THE ANGELS SING/Benny Goodman version  
AND MANY MORE

## The Swing Era

The Music of 1939-1940

PENNSYLVANIA 6-5000/Glen Miller version • NO NAME JIVE/Glen Gray version • JACK THE BEAR/Duke Ellington version • AIN'T SHE SWEET/Jimmie Lunceford version • AFTER HOURS/Erskine Hawkins version • SHORTY GEORGE/Count Basie version • G. T. STOMP/Earl Hines version • HONEYSUCKLE KASE/Benny Goodman version • ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE/Arlie Shaw version • CONCERT FOR TRUMPET/Harry James version  
AND MANY MORE

## The Swing Era

The Music of 1941-1942

FLYING HOME/Lionel Hampton version • JERSEY BOUNCE/Benny Goodman version • I CRIED FOR YOU/Harry James version • GOLDEN WEDDING/Woody Herman version • CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO/Glen Miller version • AUTUMN NOCTURNE/Claude Thornhill version • PERDIDO/Duke Ellington version • CONTRASTS/Jimmy Dorsey version • DANCING IN THE DARK/Arlie Shaw version • BASIE BOOGIE/Count Basie version  
AND MANY MORE

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The Music of 1942-1944

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREMER

## BLEAK FUTURE

Criticism of the Soviet Union for the ugliness that pervaded the World University Games is justified, yet it is almost certain that the International Olympic Committee will award Moscow the 1980 Olympic Games. The IOC really has no choice. No other city appears to be seriously in the running for 1980 and, in any case, Moscow's selection seems logical if only because the Soviet Union has been a dominant factor in the Games since its return to the Olympic fold in 1952.

But it is idle for the Russians or the IOC to assume that Moscow or any other city is ever again going to put on an Olympics that will be all sweetness and light. Tight security may prevent a repetition of the insane violence that ruptured Munich in 1972, but inevitably at Moscow—and at Montreal in 1976—there will be political demonstrations of one sort or another no matter what the Russians—or Canadians—try to do to prevent such disruptions.

This is because the Olympic Games are slowly sinking under their own weight. Ideally, they are supposed to be an athletic competition among the youth of the world. In fact, the sporting aspect has been all but drowned under quasi-religious panoply, nationalistic fervor and commercial tie-ins. The Olympics, by virtue of the interest they have generated, have become an international political stage, a living theater occupied by all sorts of hangers-on, and there is nothing the IOC can do about it except reduce the size of the Games or abolish them.

## STICKY MY WRISTS

Lots of football players tape their wrists, but the Dallas Cowboys' Billy Joe DuPree, a tight end from Michigan State and the club's No. 1 draft choice, does it differently. Team Trainer Don Cochren, who supplies the tape, says, "I saw he was wrapping his wrists with the tape inside out, with the sticky part away from his skin." DuPree explained to Cochren

that his method of taping helped him hold onto the football, particularly after a difficult catch when he was trying to bring the ball into his body while the defensive back was trying simultaneously to break him in two and take the ball away.

"Most of our other receivers are trying it, and it seems to help," says Cochren. "Just imagine. I not only learned something new about football, I learned it from a rookie."

## BABY BATTLE

In its continuing war with the infant World Hockey Association the National Hockey League went all out to sign every team's No. 1 draft pick from the Canadian amateur leagues. The NHL did not worry as much about subsequent choices, but it wanted the propaganda success of signing the top draft picks. Money was spread around ankle deep ("Pay any price," was the theme), and the NHL achieved its coup.

But the victory rang a bit hollow when the young player generally acknowledged to be the best untapped amateur in Canada, Dennis Sobchuk, signed a 10-year, \$1 million contract with the WHA's new Cincinnati franchise. (Cincinnati doesn't swing into action until next year, but Sobchuk probably will be assigned to another WHA team in the interim.)

The NHL reacted angrily to the Sobchuk signing. For years it has had an agreement with the Canadian amateur leagues that it would not draft underage juniors, those who had not reached their 20th birthday. Sobchuk is only 19. And the WHA earlier signed Gordie Howe's two-teen-age sons, Marty and Mark, and 18-year-old Tom Edur, an outstanding defenseman. WHA President Gary Davidson said his league had no obligation to sign a player before his 20th birthday. "Underage junior is NHL terminology," he said.

"If they want to kill junior hockey," said NHL President Clarence Campbell, "the sky will be the limit for us, too. We'll

reach down and take the cream of the crop when they're only 17 or 18. We don't want to, but we can't let things go on this way."

## A GLUTTON FOR PATRIOTISM

Eran Aydın, a Turkish chauvinist endurance swimmer, may not have set a record during his 43 hours and 20 minutes in the water, but he did set one for eating more in the water than anyone else. While swimming through the Bosphorus, Aydın consumed 14 lamb chops, 13 chocolate bars, 20 cheese sandwiches, nearly eight pounds of peaches, 25 glasses of tea and three jars of honey. "I've done it for the Fatherland," he said.

## OMINOUS TURN

The Japanese have long been big on such Western sports as baseball, golf, bowling and even horse racing (for the past couple of years they have been top bidders at thoroughbred sales in the U.S. and Britain), but now they may have gone one step too far toward sports insanity: they have taken up baton twirling.

Five baton twirlers from Purdue were invited to Japan to give clinics and dem-



onstrations of their art in preparation for Japan's first international baton-twirling festival in 1974. Professor Al G. Wright, director of Purdue's marching band and a director of the Japan Band Association, says, "Japan is going big on twirling. The bands started about 10 years ago, and the twirling about five years ago. They're going in a different direction from us. They're going for mass twirling. We go solo, because we're a nation of individuals. The Japanese like to be regimented. They'll put 2,000 twirlers in a routine."

Baton twirling and mass band forma-

Continued



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nions are associated with football in the U.S., but Wright says that will not be the case in Japan.

"They won't ever go big on football," Wright says. "They can't stand the physical strain. Their twirlers and bands appear at baseball games. The bands don't march, they sit in the stands. But they send hordes of twirlers on the field to do routines to band music."

Wright believes the Japanese will become very good twirlers because, he says, "They have a great deal of finger and arm dexterity. But if it comes to an international showdown, I think we'll continue to dominate."

#### OH, SAY, CAN YOU SEE?

The former Baltimore Bullets, who have moved to a suburb of Washington called Largo, have been renamed the Capital Bullets, and Owner Abe Pollin has gone all the way to make capital of the new name. The seats in the new Capital Center will be red, white and blue and will be adorned with patriotic symbols, the flag, the Liberty Bell, the American eagle, the Capitol building. The players will wear red, white and blue uniforms; the shirts will have red and white horizontal stripes, and the shorts will have blue stars on a white background with red and blue trim. Opponents won't know whether to guard them or salute.

Pollin, chairman of the National Basketball Association's merger committee, has been a strong advocate of peaceful union with the rival American Basketball Association. He must want merger more than ever now, if only so his gaily bedecked team can complete the picture by using the ABA's red, white and blue basketball.

#### DAVID AND THE GOLIATHS

Little Fred Patek, the 5'4" shortstop of the Kansas City Royals, blew his low-level top recently at American League umpires, all of whom tower over the tiny shortstop. Patek, who used to play in the National League, said that instead of plunking for interleague play, the majors should adopt interleague umpiring, just to even things out.

"The difference between the two leagues is the umpiring," he argued. "The National League is so much better. American League umpires don't take pride in their work. They don't know what they're doing, and they don't care."

"The whole system is wrong. The um-

pires are always on the run and out of position. Take a steal of second. They're behind the base, on the wrong side to see the play, and they have to run to get into position to make the call. They're always running. In the National League the umpire stands in front of the base on the edge of the grass. All he has to do is turn his head and lean, and he's got the play in front of him.

"And they should do away with those big balloon chest protectors they wear behind the plate. The National doesn't have them. They get in the way. The plate umpire stands there behind that balloon and calls every pitch from the same angle. I'm 5'4" and the average player is maybe 6'1", and yet these umpires stand at the same eye level all the time. They're calling strikes on me up around the eyes. It may be a strike for taller guys, but it isn't for me. It's the same with low pitches, because they don't get their faces down there to see where the pitch is.

"I'll bet there's more griping about the *umpiring in the American* than the *National*. You come on a field and see who the umpires are, and you say to yourself, 'Oh, no, not them.' And the first thing you know you're fighting two elements, yourself and the umpires. You can't be relaxed."

#### SHRIMP BOATS AIN'T CONK

A Sarasota, Fla. lawyer named Gerald C. Surfus took his family to Key West earlier this summer for some vacation fishing aboard his new 26-foot twin-engined boat, which was equipped with several thousand dollars' worth of electronic fish-finding gear. For several days the boat performed beautifully. Then one day, about 35 miles offshore, a large crack appeared across the bow. Moments later the entire front end broke off and sank. The 10 people aboard (Surfus, his wife, his sister, his parents and his five daughters) spent more than 24 hours hanging on to the remainder of the hull, which fortunately stayed afloat. During this time they were passed by five commercial shrimp boats, none of which stopped to pick them up, even though Surfus stood on the overturned hull and waved frantically.

Finally a sports fisherman stopped and took them into Key West. As soon as the rescuing boat moved off, one of the shrimp boats that had not responded to Surfus' earlier signals went over to the hulk and stripped—or salvaged—out of

its two engines and electronic gear.

After a brief recuperation in a Key West hospital, Surfus, either a notably unbiting man or a really zealous fisherman, bought another boat and took the family off for another two weeks of fishing. Got three sailfish and a boatload of dolphin this time, but not one commercial shrimp.

#### WHAT'S IN A SIGN?

Agnes Biggs owns 640 acres near Rosebud, Alberta. Her land is full of deer, geese, pheasants, rabbits, coyotes. Each year this private game preserve used to be invaded by armies of hunters who, along with shooting the geese, pheasants, deer, et al., shot up her *NO HUNTING* signs for good measure. She tried to chase them off with the help of her big German shepherd Major, but to no avail.

Last fall she replaced the *NO HUNTING* signs with a dozen new ones that read, *ECOLOGICAL PRESERVE, PATROLLED, NO TRESPASSING*. When the bird season opened, very few hunters ventured onto her property and nobody even shot up the signs. During deer season she and Major ran off only two trespassers.

For the coming season Mrs. Biggs has ordered another dozen of the miracle-working signs, and some of her neighbors, with larger landholdings, are following her example. Never underestimate the power of words.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Joe Garagiola, sportscaster: "Everybody on the Cardinals used to fuss about Preacher Roe's spitball except Stan Musial. He'd say, 'What's the difference?' I'll just hit the dry side of the ball."
- Craig Breedlove, former world land-speed record holder, describing how he knew he was in trouble when his rocket-powered auto became airborne at 377 mph: "The sky was in the wrong direction, and I saw it go round and round."
- Johnny Miller, pro golfer, on Jack Nicklaus: "When he plays well, he wins. When he plays badly, he finishes second. When he plays terrible, he finishes third."
- Hank Stram, Kansas City Chiefs coach, dismissing the theory that exhibition games are meaningless: "I think we are all such creatures of habit that if we establish a winning habit, it's easier to maintain. If you lose six in a row there's no way you can convince me that you wouldn't go into the season feeling pretty shaky."

END

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# IT TAKES TWO



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NISL LUTER

*Ignoring his own defenses, Foreman leaped viciously into Roman, whose plan to backpedal never got off the floor.*

**I**t will be remembered, if at all, as the Foul Fight, but for the wrong reason. Before Heavyweight Champion George Foreman ever hit Jose Roman while he sat helpless on the floor of a Tokyo ring, the fight had been decided, and by one terrifying punch. The blow, a right hand that exploded on the left rib cage of the challenger, lifted Roman off his toes only 45 seconds after the start. If Roman had ever harbored any strong desire to stand in with the champ—which seems dubious—it deserted him directly. Nicknamed King by some mischievous con artist, Roman fell down then and, unnecessarily, two more times before being counted out at two minutes of the first round. From a suddenly sophisticated Japanese crowd—which a year earlier had politely endured its first “big-time” heavyweight fight, 15 shuffling rounds between Muhammad Ali and



# TO TANGLE

*There was only one man upright in the ring when George Foreman, menacing and huge, tore into Jose Roman and knocked him out in two terrible minutes*

Mae Foster—there came a scattering of boos and cries of "Damazareto!" best translated as, "We wuz robbed!" In the sense that this was a classic mismatch—a journeyman unknown with a record made in purgatory against the best in the world—the fans were. And they were truly fouled. But someday they may recull, too, that they were witnesses to the first title defense of perhaps the hardest puncher in the history of the ring. Slimmed from 250 bulging pounds to 220 pounds of solidly packed muscle, Foreman was awesome. With his power and always surprising speed of hand, he could afford the gaucheries of style that have distressed punists but which have resulted now in 39 straight victories as a professional, 36 of these by knockout, the last 23 in a row, a majority in the first several rounds. On those terms, top ring-side at \$188 may have been a bargain.



*Struck a glancing blow while down, Roman rose to fall twice more before Referee Jay Edson crawled and counted him out.*

CONTINUED





Roman, ever smiling, was fixed by a L'Espresso-style glare of the weigh-in.

Clearly the winner in the war before the war was Roman. Constantly gracious, polite and interested in all that he saw, the Puerto Rican, who grew up in the seamy ghetto streets of New York, signed autographs gladly, met the press and the people and showed up at appointments on time. He and his longtime trainer, Al Braverman, sought to give the impression that he expected to win, hopefully by backpedaling through the early rounds and then coming on against a tired Foreman. Braverman admitted that his charge had at one time been irresponsible and fun-loving and broke training rules at the drop of a glass, but, he said, all that changed in 1972 after Roman won a decision over Jose Urtain, a Spaniard of mild reputation. "He's hungry now," Braverman announced in the best tradition of gate building.

Foreman, by contrast, was surly, sometimes almost morose as he shed the last of 30 pounds. He squirreled himself away in his \$250-a-day hotel suite—where he shut off the air conditioning to ward off the chances of catching cold—brusquely refusing invitations and put-

ting off all sightseeing until after the fight. To stay one loafer ahead of the press, he wore his gym shoes from the hotel to the gym where he trained. While the writers, as required by custom, were taking off their shoes at the doorway, he was in the gym and already working out. Afterward, he was always in his car and moving off by the time his pursuers got their shoes back on. He did pause long enough to make it plain that he was his own manager and arranged his own arrangements, which may have contributed to his edginess. It was also plain that he was rounding into superb condition. For his two working minutes, Foreman took away a quarter of a million dollars. (Roman made under \$100,000.) While rumors persist that Foreman's next fight will be this November in Houston against Joe Frazier, from whom he won his title, Foreman insisted in Tokyo that nothing was settled. After what he has done to his last 23 opponents, one wonders that there is anybody left who will agree to fight him. It falls short of being the most comforting prospect in the world.

—FRANK IWAMA



In downtown Tokyo the champion permitted himself a preflight grin.



*Writers left shoes—and hopes  
of catching Foreman—at the door.*



*Foreman's post-fight awards included a plaque (above) and a hugabop.*





## FAITH IN FLIRTH WAS POWERFUL STUFF

*A troubled gelding with first-class genes and a second-rate record decisively outclassed the favorites in the Hambletonian* **by ERNEST HAVEMANN**

**W**hat do you do if you own an old mare with a badly knut broken leg who never managed to trot a mile under 2:08 (which is nothing) and then dropped nine undistinguished foals? What do you do if you also own her 10th foal, who had a lot of problems from birth and had to be gelded—and who then in his second year never managed to trot faster than around 2:18 (which is horrible) before his hocks went bad and he had to be turned out for a long rest?

What you do is, you win the 1973 Hambletonian—proving again that in racing the name of the game is patience.

The patient people who triumphed in the big race at Du Quoin, Ill., this year are the owners of the Arden Homestead Stable—E. Roland Hamman and Elbridge T. Gerry Sr. and his son, Elbridge Jr.—and their trainer, Ralph Baldwin. Their horse is Flirth. They had faith in him, they persevered with him, and they won the race with almost ridiculous ease.

The fact that Flirth ever got behind a

starting gate at all is a tribute to patience—and to a belief that class and genetics must eventually tell. Flirth's dam, Mirthful, is royally bred; among other things she is a sister to the fine oldtimer Speedster. But she does have that crooked leg. As one of her owners says, "You can spot her in the field half a mile off by the way she walks, it almost makes you cringe." And she has never qualified as harness racing's mother of the year. Her first nine foals among them earned less money than was up for grabs for first place in the Hambletonian.

For many months Flirth, whose outstanding sire was Florican, seemed destined to be just another unsuccessful son of Mirthful—lots of fine genes but all in the wrong combination. He never got to the races at all as a 2-year-old. This year he finally made it, but he came up to the Hambletonian with the unimpressive record of nine starts, four wins and total earnings of only \$17,835.

Anyone who watched Trainer-Driver

Baldwin in the days before the Hambletonian, however, might have guessed that patience and genetics were about to have their day. Baldwin, at 57, is one of harness racing's canny and quiet veterans. In the days before the race he was even quieter than usual, like a man who knew he was carrying a time bomb in his hip pocket.

One morning Baldwin worked his horse in 1:59½, faster than any 3-year-old had trotted in a race this year. When he got off the bike he was almost smiling. A few days later, waiting for the groom to bring the horse out for a four-mile jog, he dug a boot in the solid clay and limestone surface of the Du Quoin track and uttered his first and only burst of prerace eloquence: "This is a great track. If your horse can't go here, he can't go anywhere."

On race day, under the hot August sun, Flirth proved he could go. He had the No. 7 post in a 16-horse field—10 horses starting across the track, six in a second tier behind them. Baldwin and Flirth had to go two wide around the first turn but the ground they lost did not matter at all. They had the lead by the half-mile pole and from there it was just a breeze. They won by nearly three lengths, going the mile in 1:58½ without even trying.

In the hour that then went by before the second heat, Flirth stood quietly while his groom dripped ice water over his head from a sponge. Flirth is a smallish horse, built along the lines of one of





*In the second heat, Baldwin asked Flirt for a little speed and won by three lengths.*

the trotters in an old Currier & Ives print. His neck is thin, his head tapered, his body close to the ground. He has no faults, except for a bit of seurf caused by the medicine still used as a precautionary measure on his hocks. But he is not the strongest 3-year-old of the trotting world, and the question was how he would stand up under the pressure of a second heat on a hot day.

He stood up very well. As the winner of the first heat he had the No. 1 post, and Baldwin left with him just fast enough to be sure of having the rail around the first turn. Down the backstretch Baldwin was content to be third; the leaders at that point were the two fillies in the race, Florida and Honeysuckle Rose—a fact that brought a great cheer from the Women's Libbers and romantics in the crowd of 16,000.

The fillies were on top only by courtesy. The instant Baldwin asked Flirt for his speed, the little gelding blew right by. He won this time by three lengths in 1:57½, faster than any gelding has ever trotted in a race before. Baldwin was taking no chances on losing and forcing his horse to go another heat. "I didn't think anything was close to me," he said afterward, "but I tapped him a couple of times just to make sure."

Though Flirt trotted the third-fastest heat in all Hambletonian history and

earned \$72,355 for his patient owners, the race still leaves open the question of who is the 3-year-old champion of the year. Had there been betting, the favorite for the race would surely have been Knightly Way, winner of eight of his nine previous starts this year. But Knightly Way has a problem. He is a loner. He hates to be around any other living creature, man or beast, except his groom. Even his trainer, young John Simpson Jr., finds it difficult to be friends with Knightly Way. "When I go into his stall," says Simpson, "he chases me right out. He'll tolerate me to race him, but that's about all."

In deference to Knightly Way's tastes, Simpson always keeps him in a stall with no other horse on either side. But one night about three weeks before the Hambletonian, when Knightly Way was nace and relaxed in a barn at the Springfield, Ill. track with no other horse nearby, another stable shipped in a filly and put her next to him. Outraged at this invasion of his privacy, Knightly Way tried to tear down the walls—and bruised his right shoulder.

Because of the injury, Knightly Way could not be raced in the three weeks prior to the Hambletonian and he came up short, tiring badly in both heats. As Simpson said afterward, "He'll be a lot better horse next week, but unfortunately next week is just one week too late."

The horse who would probably have been second choice in any betting, Arnie Almahurst, also ran into problems. Arnie, a powerful colt who looks as if he could trot all day, has his own eccentricities. As a 2-year-old he seemed to be afraid of the starting gate. This year, if allowed anywhere near it, he has seemed determined to knock it down or jump over it. In several races, Arnie's part owner, trainer and driver Gene Riegler kept him well back of the gate—and won while giving the other horses anywhere from three to six lengths head start.

For the big race, Riegler thought he had licked all the problems. He had finally cured some leg troubles that might have caused his horse to be erratic. He had also found that Arnie was less rambunctious behind the starting gate if his ears were stuffed with cotton.

From Post No. 1 in the first heat of the Hambletonian, Arnie went away beautifully. And just before the half-mile pole, when Riegler asked him for speed, he made a tremendous move. Then some-

thing went wrong. "He took a bad step," Riegler said, "but I got him straightened out. Then, a couple of strides later, he just simply went into a colt break."

A colt break is the loss of stride that one might expect of a young horse not experienced at racing. In Arnie's case, it was disastrous. Riegler had to pull him up and take him to the outside while trying to get him back on the trot, and he wound up a dead and distant last.

In the second heat a 16th-place finisher starts from Post No. 16. From that post, in a fast heat, Arnie Almahurst had no chance. He trotted a fine mile—Riegler timed him on his own watch in 1:57½ despite all the traffic problems he encountered—but he wound up nowhere.

So the questions remain: Is Flirt really better than Knightly Way when Knightly Way is fit? Is he really better than Arnie Almahurst when Arnie starts flat? The remainder of this year's races for 3-year-old trotters should be interesting to watch.

One thing that the Hambletonian proved beyond any question is that harness racing's sportsmen of the year are the owners of Honeysuckle Rose, a New Jersey physician named Philip Chapals and his dentist friend Alvin Field. The week before the race their trainer, Vernon Dancer, called them and gave them a choice. They could enter their filly in the Hambletonian or in another race the same day limited to female 3-year-olds for a smaller purse of about \$32,000, as compared with the \$144,710 of the Hambletonian.

"If we go into the filly division," Dancer said, "we're almost sure of picking up first money of around \$18,000. If we go into the Hambletonian, we pay a \$2,000 starting fee and we might draw a bad post and get nothing." The two good doctors told Dancer to go for broke.

Sure enough, Honeysuckle Rose drew Post No. 15 and was lost in the pack at the start of the first heat but wound up a strong finishing fourth. Considering her post position, she trotted about as well as any of the horses that finished ahead of her. But she is a delicate filly and the effort took a lot out of her. She was still blowing a little when the horses went out for the second heat and after showing early speed she tired and was out of it.

The two New Jersey doctors came out of the race with nothing except a canceled check for the \$2,000 entry fee—and a lot of respect from their rivals. **END**

# JOHN BE NIMBLE, JOHN BE QUICK

*And John Unitas' passing is still pretty darn slick, as he demonstrated in his first complete game in a San Diego uniform, connecting on 18 of 31 for 285 yards in the Chargers' 30-17 loss to the Rams* **by TEX MAULE**

**I**t is a little like watching a Neanderthal man walking down Fifth Avenue. He wears the high-top, black leather shoes he has sported since he came into the league and he wears them with distinction. The only other San Diego Charger in high-tops is Dave Costa, the defensive tackle the club got from Denver after he complained when Coach John Ralston tried to change his stance. "John Unitas is the chairman of the board of the high-top society," Costa says. "I'm only a member."

Costa's high-tops are made by Adidas, however. They are light blue and have the distinctive three white stripes on the side. Unitas' practice shoes are cracked and fissured with age, and if he plays much longer he may have to have his new pairs bench made. They're not turning out high-tops like they used to.

"Jim Thorpe left me his shoes," Unitas says, smiling. "They keep my ankles together."

A bigger problem for Unitas, now in his 18th year as an NFL quarterback and in his 41st year to heaven, is keeping himself together. When he's in fine fettle, as he was last Friday night at the Coliseum in the Chargers' 30-17 loss to Los Angeles, he is as impressive as ever. There is nothing wrong with his arm; the passes are released in a hurry and they home in on receivers as accurately as of yore. More surprisingly, his feet are still nimble and, when he shuffles back into position to throw, are quicker than those of Wayne Clark, 26, and Dan Fouts, 22, the other San Diego quarterbacks.

Most of the passes Unitas threw in practice the week of the Rams' game were short or mid-range, but not because he cannot throw long. "That's the way the offense is geared," he said one afternoon. He was lying on a water bed procured for him by Coach Harland Svare to ease the pain in his back. Twice during training camp at the University of California at Irvine his sacroiliac has gone out, the result of a bad knee that forced him into

*Dropping back deftly, Unitas gives no sign of his 40 years, bad back and arthritic knees.*



an unnatural posture while throwing.

"My arm is as good as ever," he said, "but I have to practice long passes. You don't get sharp if you don't work on them. You can't throw long well all at once when you get a receiver open deep. You have to have spent time working on the patterns."

That morning, after the two-hour regular practice, Untas had asked Wide Receivers Gary Garrison and Chuck Ducus to work on patterns with him. They spent 30 minutes in the special drill and Untas threw well.

Earlier that day there had been flare-ups between offensive and defensive linemen, even in dummy scrimmage, when they weren't really hitting. "They're getting a bit testy," Sware said. "Maybe next week we'll cut back on how much time we spend in camp."

Untas brought his quiet leadership from Baltimore to San Diego. He is a solitary man. After the morning practices, in the free time between meetings, he stayed alone in his room, lying on his water bed, or strolled by himself around the campus. He was not surly or unapproachable; often he talked to the young quarterbacks about the techniques of, say, hitting a tight end on a crossing pattern, but he did not seek out company.

Yet on this particular day, with tempers high, he changed the whole feeling of the practice. He called a bootleg play, which requires the quarterback to carry the ball himself on a wide sweep, a play unthinkable in a game, given the age and physical condition of Johnny U. The defense was caught by surprise as he flitted across the goal line. Once in the end zone, he jumped high in the air, spiked the ball and laughed. The whole team broke up and the tension disappeared.

A few moments later Untas threw a pass over the middle and Defensive Back Ron Smith made a good play, batting it out of the receiver's hands. "Hey, old man," Smith hollered. "I got you that time. You didn't fool me."

Until the last split second Untas had looked at another receiver. In his illustrious past he has stared down an entire secondary, influencing the defenders to follow his eyes and not his arm. The San Diego defensive backs were beginning to realize that where he looks is not where he goes.

"You can't tell what the man will do," Smith said. "I remember when I was with the Bears and he had first and goal on

our five. No way, with the running backs he had, he was going to do anything but run the ball down our throat. Know what he called? He called a screen! Nobody in nine miles of the receiver. That just blew our minds. They went on to kill us."

"He knows more about football than anyone I've ever met," says Sware. "I've been associated with some great quarterbacks as a player and a coach—Y.A. Tittle, Charlie Conerly, a lot of them. But none could touch him. Aside from everything else—the arms, the head, the leadership—he's the smoothest ball handler I ever saw. He never makes a mistake."

"It's a little different, handing off here," Untas said. "The backs are individualists. They don't run the same route the same way every time, so I have to adjust. It's no big problem, though. Mike Garrett may go wide one time and pinch me the next, but he's a fine back and I can handle that."

Untas bounced up and down on the water bed, listening to the gurgles. "I guess this thing's all right," he said. "I've only had it three days. The problem I got with it is every time I change position at night, it wakes me up going slosh, slosh, and I don't really know if it has helped my back at all."

The back is the most serious of a series of injuries that have kept Untas a bit behind schedule, the most recent being a result of getting blind-sided in an exhibition against the 49ers.

"One of their big defensive linemen hit me a shot," he said. "I was down and my leg was twisted a little and he fell on it and I could hear it pop. I walked off the field but the knee was sore and a few days later, trying to favor it again, my back went out and I had a muscle spasm. I couldn't straighten up. The doctor put it back in place and it doesn't bother me now, but the knee is arthritic and my doctor in Baltimore says that it will deteriorate a little every year. So I don't know how much longer I can play and neither does anyone else. I'll take it week by week."

Untas is playing this year for pride. He does not really like the California climate. He owns a 70-year-old farmhouse on a few acres of land outside Baltimore and, occasionally, in the relentless sun that illuminated Irvine, he longed for weather.

"I was just thinking the other day," he said. "I was trying to figure out what

I miss. You know something, we haven't even had a drizzle since we came to camp. I miss thunder showers. I like to sit on the porch and watch the rain come down. No way I could ever live out here. I'll put in the time I can, but when it's over I'm going back to where it rains in the afternoon and gets cold in the winter."

Life, unfortunately, does not begin for John Untas at 40. Forty for him means he is an old quarterback. It does not, however, mean he is over the hill. The Ram game was the first of the 1973 exhibition schedule in which he forced his old bones through four full quarters. He passed 31 times and completed 18 for 286 yards and two touchdowns; five of his passes were dropped. All told, he looked a better man than John Hadl or James Harris, the two quarterbacks who played for Los Angeles; the Rams' hero was Jim Bertelsen, who rushed for 97 yards and set up touchdowns with punt returns of 22 and 50 yards.

In a brilliant minute and eight seconds at the end of the second quarter Untas took the Chargers 87 yards for a touchdown, passing on every down, using the clock as parsimoniously as he did in his salad days. In the closing minutes of the game he almost duplicated that bravura performance, but Dave Williams fumbled after catching a pass on the Los Angeles 14.

Untas threw every pass in the repertoire and threw them impeccably. He lofted soft lead passes to ends flying down the sideline, and they dropped in as if sighted. For his first touchdown he drilled a hard, sharp ball to Williams, cutting straight across the field for a 28-yard reception. Later in the game, under a massive rush, Untas moved up through a collapsing pocket, then found Bob Thomas in the clear for a 41-yard touchdown pass.

Sadly, Untas will not end his career in a blaze of glory, because the Chargers do not offer him the canvas upon which to paint the picture of which he is capable. He will finish a loser, but he will lose with grace, just as he did on this night, and the Chargers will come closer to being winners because of him.

"We'll be better," he said after the game. "We need a little more work on our timing. But we've got time for work."

He thought about that for a minute and smiled. "I hope I've got time," he said. "I think I have."

He has.

END

# RIGGS TO RICHES—TAKE TWO

*In that battle of bigmouths under the big Dome, Bobby Riggs should beat the champion of Women's Lib, Billie Jean King, and hustle off with \$200,000. But do not cry for Ms. King, who won't go home broke* **by JOE JARES**

**M**s. Billie Jean Moffitt King—the wonder woman of tennis or the dingbat of tennis or both, depending on your point of view or maybe your gender—hurried off the jet at Honolulu International Airport last May 13. She and

her secretary, Marilyn Barnett, and fellow pro Rosemary Casals were on their way home from a tour of Japan and hoped that during the stopover they could locate a television set and watch Margaret Court play against the nation's

foremost male chauvinist pig, Bobby Riggs. King herself had turned down just such an intersexual match.

"They have these little TVs in the airport," said King. "I said, 'I bet they'll delay it a week because Hawaii always runs everything a week late.' And if they did I was going to be furious because we had made it to the airport in time to see the match. We put quarters in the TV, turned it on and flipped the channels—and, sure enough, no match. I was just furious. Rosie was furious. Marilyn was laughing at us.

"We were going to get back on the plane but Marilyn turned on the radio to listen to some music and heard, 'Bobby Riggs has just defeated Margaret Court 6-2, 6-1.' And I said, 'WHAT?' Now I really got angry. Rosie and I were hopping around that plane for five hours all the way to California. I was SO mad!

"I said, 'Well, that's it, that's it. I gotta play this guy now.'"

And as everyone between the polar caps must know by now, she is going to play him. Furious Billie Jean King, 29, vs. aging hustler Bobby Riggs, 55, in a best three-of-five sets, \$100,000 winner-take-all match in the Houston Astrodome, Thursday, Sept. 20 at 8 p.m. E.D.T. before what is certain to be the largest live audience—close to 40,000—in the history of the sport. (The biggest previous crowd was 25,578, gathered for the U.S.-Australian Davis Cup matches in White City Stadium, Sydney, on Dec. 27, 1954.) At last check the Astrodome had sold 18,000 tickets and stacked up \$225,000 in the till, the biggest advance sale the indoor stadium has had this far ahead since it first turned on the air conditioning eight years ago.

ABC will televise the match nationally, and since two such notable bigmouths as Riggs and King are involved, the network, for contrast, named Howard Cosell to do the stroke-by-stroke in his usual humble fashion. In the booth with him as colorperson will be Rosie Casals, who already has described Riggs to the world:

"He's an old man, he walks like a



duck, he can't see, he can't hear and, besides, he's an idiot."

"I was going to lodge a very big complaint," said Riggs, "and say I wouldn't play if she was going to be in there, until I heard that for the male color man they selected Jack Kramer. So I have a good friend up there in Kramer and he'll be able to support my side. . ."

ABC forked over a reported \$700,000 to Promoter Jerry Perenchio for the TV rights—which seems like a reasonable sum when one considers that the show could attract more than 20 million viewers. CBS, which televised the Riggs-Court massacre and claims it is legally entitled to this sequel, has filed suit in Los Angeles asking for an injunction to prevent the playing or the televising of Riggs vs. King. Even if it loses the suit, CBS will take a measure of revenge, rolling a first-class, first-time-on-TV movie one hour after the tennis starts. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, mixed-doubles competition across the airwaves, Billie and Bobby against *Bonnie and Clyde*.

The hoopla surrounding the Astrodome show has taken on gigantic proportions, even to the point of Riggs and King re-creating *The Borkersons*, a show from bygone radio days:

*Riggs:* Billie Jean, if it'll make you feel better, I'll be glad to wear a dress for our match.

*King:* What you wear is immaterial to me. For all I care you can wear your jockstrap.

So Riggs, a paragon of good taste, had himself photographed in a jock and sent, so he claimed, a print to her for her approval. He also toyed with the idea of presenting her with a funeral wreath just before the match, a play on the Mother's Day bouquet he gave Court. He gave lessons to Johnny Carson on *The Tonight Show*, played against newscaster Harry Reasoner while at various times tied to a suitcase, a dog on a leash and a bucket of water and showed up for an exhibition at Forest Hills wearing a dress. And always the tongue was wagging:

"I don't mind being called a male chauvinist pig as long as I'm the No. 1 male chauvinist pig. I like to be at the top of the ratings."

"I plan to bomb Billie Jean King in the match and set back the Women's Lib movement about another 20 years."

"The best way to handle women is to keep them pregnant and barefoot."

Everybody tried to get in the act. The Astrodome gave ticket buyers the option of sitting on the Riggs side or the King side and announced that Riggs seats were going faster. There is a Virginia Slims tournament in Houston that week and King's companions on the tour will be given Thursday night off and will sit in a special rooting section. A gaggle of traitorous females are going to counterbalance the Slimsites by wearing Bobby Riggs T shirts. The mayor of Long Beach, King's hometown, gave her a QT

(quiet tennis) pill made out of a tennis ball, to shove down Riggs' throat. Manufacturers of indoor surfaces knocked down the doors trying to get their products used (Sportface was picked, pleasing Billie Jean but displeasing Bobby, who wanted Supreme-Court). And the commercial offers rolled in, making "\$100,000 winner-take-all" incorrect. The *loser* is going to gross about that much and the winner figures to make at least double.

It doesn't take a Lew Archer to figure

conundrum



out that all this is more show biz than sport, and the Astrodome seems like the ideal setting—perfect for a spectacle if not for a tennis match. If we ever elect a Nero President, he will surely feed his victims to the lions there. The court will be set up on the infield, with the center of the net approximately where the pitcher's mound normally would be. The Houston Astros originally were supposed to play there the night of the 20th, but they were forced to change their schedule and play a two-night double-header on the 19th. Could anyone have guessed a few years ago that the National Pastime would ever be made to move over for a tennis match, and a bisexual one at that?

"One problem we'll both have is background," said Riggs. "It's such a vast area, with no fences, no screen and no beautiful acoustics, which you usually have when you're enclosed in a nice tight stadium . . . You're going to see over the net and keep looking another 200 yards!"

Then there are the Astrodome lights, rimming the stadium where the dome meets the wall. They were a bit of a problem when UCLA's basketball team lost to the University of Houston there in 1968, and the bulbs at each end had to be dimmed. Overheads and serves could be tricky, especially since the Astros' baseball schedule will limit practice time.

Apart from the lights and background, there is another little problem King has—rats. Her brother, Randy Moffitt, pitches for the San Francisco Giants, and she went to Candlestick Park recently to see him play. The Giants were all quite interested in the Riggs match and were quick to tell her about the Astrodome, one of their regular National League ports of call.

"The baseball players were teasing me," she said. "All of 'em said, 'Well, good luck, you and the rats.'"

"I said, 'WHAT?'"

"I've never been there. I don't have a clue, but Randy and the other guys said there's a lot of rats there. I don't think they were kidding. That's all I need, little rats running across the court."

She need not worry. The Astrodome was once infested and the Giants indeed once killed a rat in their dugout, but an exterminator was brought in and he chased the rodents out.

"We won't have rats running up her skirt," said a Dome spokesman.

So the male chauvinist pig across the net will be her only animal worry, but that should be more than enough to occupy her. The history of male-female matches indicates that she is in for a rough time. There have been other matches besides Riggs-Court, Jack Kramer was only 15 when he easily defeated Alice Marble. In the 1920s, when Helen Wills was queen of the courts, she played a practice match against a good male player, Fritz Mercur, on an outside court during the Nationals. She won, but Mercur handicapped himself by not coming to the net. They played a return match on center court one morning and that time Mercur won, but with difficulty.

More to the point, King herself has played men before. She practices fairly often with teaching pro Dennis Van der Meer, her partner in the lucrative TennisAmerica clinics and allied businesses. In practice sets she plays him "pretty even, but I don't usually beat him." Four or five years ago she played an exhibition set (with Ping-Pong scoring) against Gene Scott at C W Post College in New York, hastily arranged to fill a gap in a program. He spotted her 10 points and won anyway. ("He has that big hopping serve and got it way up above my shoulder, and I couldn't handle it at all," she said.)

King has even had experience playing men in Houston—indoors, as a matter of fact. In August of 1971, as part of a promotion for the Virginia Slims tour, an elimination tournament was held to determine an opponent for her. It was won by Jim Rombau, former All-America tennis player at the University of Houston, who was 70 pounds heavier and far taller than King. Rombau had not played competitively in three months and was not in the best of shape. They met in a one-set match at the university's Hofheim Pavilion and Rombau won 9-8 in a tie breaker in which King won only one point.

Of course, the issue is not whether a good young man player can beat the best young woman player. King and the other Women's Lobbers concede on that point, just as the women golf pros admit that the men even putt better than they do. The issue is whether a 55-year-old ex-champion male, who has "one foot in the grave" but does extraordinarily well with the other three limbs, and his mouth, can defeat Ms. King, who is 26 years younger and, if her injured right

knee comes around as hoped, considerably quicker.

The fact that Riggs wiped out an extremely nervous Mrs. Court on Mother's Day and then Court beat King the last time they met (in the final of a tournament in Nashville), or the lesser-known fact that young woman pro Tory Fretz once beat Riggs in an informal match, has not seemed to dampen anyone's enthusiasm for the upcoming extravaganza. Van der Meer, who coached Court at courtside and will do the same for King, said Court was so nervous against Riggs that she could barely hold on to her racket. Van der Meer lost \$500 on the match but plans to make a wager on King "out of loyalty."

"She can only win if she can overpower him," said Van der Meer. "She can't outstay him, she's gotta go in. He's a counterpuncher and Billie Jean is going to have to take the net with him. She must cut off his passing shots; she must serve well. Court's service was very nervous."

Does the prospect of King volleying at the net scare Riggs? Not on your bottle of Geritol.

"Beautiful, I hope she does that," he said. "That's the way I prefer to play her. The rallies are shorter. I'll be able to last the distance that way. She won't wear me down and tire me out and she'll rush herself into so many mistakes she won't believe it. If I can't pass her, I can sure lob her. There's no wind to blow out my lob; I'll have pinpoint accuracy. I can go as high as 400 feet and still have room to spare at the Astrodome."

"It doesn't matter, I figure I can play her four or five different ways. Play her from the backcourt, play her from the net. . . . I have a lot of options, but I'll probably let her start the action and I'll just find the answer to anything she does."

"Bobby's going to win," agreed Panchito Segura, longtime touring pro now settled down in Southern California. "It's only one match. Bobby's going to beat the kid. She's never going to be able to handle him in one match. He's got all the shots. He hasn't got the speed anymore but everything else is there."

"Billie Jean's only hope is to tire him out, run him around if she can control things. She's got a better chance than the other girl because they're playing at night."

And what does nighttime have to do with it?

*roadshow*



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"Bobby doesn't see too well, anyhow," Segura said, "and when you get over 50 and you're playing at night under the lights, they bother everybody. When you look up, the light reflects off your glasses. That's hell."

Pancho neglected to mention that King wears glasses, too.

"Bobby will win," said Kramer. "The only hope Billie Jean has is to get off to a good start and exploit Bobby's lack of physical speed. It might take Bobby some time to figure out some way to get by her."

"If that happens then he has to be able to go the distance. He might have to play four or five sets. But I feel he will have too much control and will exploit her weaknesses!"

But what weakness could the five-time Wimbledon champion have?

"Riggs is going to be able to exploit a very poor stroke or shot of Billie Jean's, her forehand. Everything off her forehand, except her volley, is quite weak. Riggs with his good control will serve 90% of his first or second shots into that forehand, something that none of the girls apparently can do."

"The only doubt in my mind is that Riggs' soft stuff may be so soft that it enables Billie Jean to come up to the net and gain good court position to really volley well. I don't think Bobby can move too well anymore. He doesn't figure to be too zippy out there."

"I believe I'm versatile enough to handle his garbage shots," said King. "I've got good mobility and I know I've got to work a lot on my overhead. One thing, I never try to underestimate an opponent. Riggs is better than he looks."

"I don't plan to change a thing between now and then. I think one of the mistakes is changing gears."

When the women pros made a recent stop in Nashville, the *Tennessean* took a poll and 70.6% of the fans (78.1% of the women, 64.2% of the men) tabbed King as the winner. Billie Jean herself playfully filled out a ballot.

"I predicted Margaret would win, and I predicted the Nastase one year at Wimbledon and Chris Evert another year, and I wasn't right either time. So I'm not much at predicting."

Then she marked an X beside her own name.

To counterbalance that, here is another X beside the name Riggs. Four sets. Onk.

END

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## COMMON CENTS AND DOLLARS

John McKay of USC attacks critics of football's mounting costs, arguing that the same can be said of academics and that the game usually supports an entire athletic program

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

We are assuming that the University of Texas football team will be so good it will win all its games and the national championship this fall (see cover). We can be sure (no assumption necessary) that the football team will make a lot of money, enough to finance the university's entire athletic program with thousands of dollars to spare. We are assuming that the Southern California Trojans, the defending national champions, will again be a joy to see and a Rose Bowl enjoy. We can be sure that they will be responsible for a river of cash enriching the school. At Alabama, the as-usual assumption is that the team will rule the Southeastern Conference and take in another big bowl game, the surety is that it will make so much money they will have to bale it to get it to the bank. And so it will go, down the line with the best and most marketable teams.

Not everyone will be tickled pink with these fiscal triumphs, of course. Some will just blush. The matter of how big a business college football should be is an

issue the game has wrestled with most of its adult life. Even prosperity is no guarantee against uneasiness. One prominent private school minimizes its considerable football success by sticking the athletics department with such phantom charges as practice field fees and library rentals to tone down the grand figures.

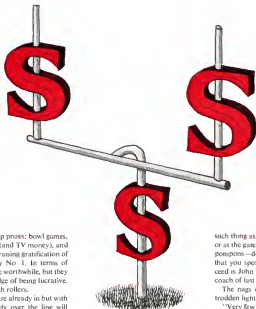
The breast-beating by academicians and the customary decoys and self-delusions of the loosely knit membership of the NCAA is, though tiresome, never completely out of vogue. Like a low-grade virus, there persists an element that cannot face up to the reality that major college football is *not* amateur sport. That there are no surprises when the roll is called for the first day of practice. That these are not pickup but handpicked teams, being paid with an education to serve their school in the most meaningful way they can.

But the argument here is not with the failure to define the college game accurately, but with the fallacies in financing it. The "sprawling" costs of football

against the return on the investment. The dilemma, for some, of having to face what seems a perpetual inequality of competition. For every Alabama there's a little bit of Vanderbilt. For every booming Big Eight there's a puffing Mid-American Conference.

What brings these issues back into focus just now is a decision reached in August to subdivide the NCAA from two divisions (major and small colleges) into three. It was a sensible move, long overdue. The realignment was said to be for "competitive and legislative purposes," but it is pronounced "economics." Requirements, scholarship numbers, recruiting limits, etc.—and goals presumably will separate one from another.

The top division now includes 126 "major college" teams, but that number embraces the Marshalls as well as the Michigans, the Temples as well as the Tennessees. The number could drop quickly when guidelines are settled on. This division, the one we are concerned with here, will be expected to compete



DRAWING BY JAMES TUDOR

as equals for the top prizes: bowl games, national attention (and TV money), and the simple, hackle-raising gratification of being all-gloriously No. 1. In terms of goals alone they are worthwhile, but they have the double edge of being lucrative. It is a game for high rollers.

And those who are already in but with their toenails barely over the line will raise once more the familiar doubts: How can we afford it? Where is it taking us? And is it really worth the trip?

Despite the caving and bellyaches, and an occasional dropout (Fordham, Santa Barbara, Buffalo, *et al.*), there are more schools playing at the "major" level than ever. Business, in fact, has been good; attendance and revenues are at all-time peaks. Nearly all schools finance their athletic programs with football money, and the programs are expensive.

When Bear Bryant returned to Alabama in 1958 the athletic budget was less than \$300,000 and the line at the bottom of the sheet was as red as the team's jerseys. Alabama had won four games in three years. The revenue for last year was \$2.6 million, and the profits \$103,253, all from football. Bryant estimates that the program has provided millions of dollars for stadium additions, athletic offices, a field house, a dormitory and sizable contributions to nonathletic departments.

Any cursory diagnosis of finances across the whole of college football would appear to show an unalterable pattern of rich getting richer. Tennessee finances a mammoth \$2.8 million sports program, and winds up with an excess of \$313,000. Vanderbilt, its atonic neighbor, spends little and profits less. Poor

attendance and the absence of television exposure limit the surplus to \$61,000, not nearly enough to cover accumulated building debts.

Southern Cal, the current idol of field and screen, spends \$1.9 million to make \$2 million; it does not control its budget separate from the school, but it gets what it needs. It has been in the black 12 straight years. Meanwhile, California, on a 10-year binge of dwindling attendance, dawdling gate receipts and, lately, NCAA probation, goes \$538,000 over budget and into an austerity program.

The increased costs in tuition, training-table food, dormitory lodging, insurance, medical care, equipment, etc. are especially felt at a school like Ohio University. Ohio's stadium seats fewer than 18,000 and is seldom filled, and the need for budget-building revenue leads to its having scheduled such teams as Penn State, Northwestern and South Carolina on the road. It is hard for Ohio University to make ends meet.

But in the end what are costs except a measure against value? One who believes, and is outspoken in his belief, that college football is not only financially feasible but important beyond dollars-and-cents reckoning, who believes there is no

such thing as a chronic loser on the field or at the gate, and who—hold onto your pompons—does not think it necessary that you spend your pockets off to succeed is John McKay of USC, the No. 1 coach of last year's No. 1 team.

The rags of college football are not trodden lightly on by John McKay:

"Very few people say, 'I'm against intercollegiate athletics.' They say, 'I'm against football.' Why? Publicity. When you're against football you get publicity. I asked [representatives of the NCAA] in Chicago, 'Why do you spend 99% of your time talking about football? What is the fascination?' Well, they say, the costs. They complain about costs. I said, 'If you had three restaurants and two were losing money would you harass the one that was keeping you in business?'

"It's ridiculous. Why undermine the one sport that holds the others up? If all we care about is showing a bigger profit, then let's cut out the sports that have no chance. I personally wouldn't want that because if it's worth having a well-rounded athletic program it's worth paying for. You can't measure those things in costs. The medical school 'costs' money. The business school 'costs' money.

"They talk about cutting football scholarships. We don't give many at USC, but what's right for us might not be right for Darrell Royal at Texas or Frank Broyles at Arkansas. But why football scholarships? We've won more national championships [in all sports] than anybody, but if we allowed ourselves what the new NCAA table calls for we would need 49 more scholarships to 'save money.' We could have water

continued

## COLLEGE FOOTBALL. continued

polo scholarships. We could start a wrestling program and have 13 athletes on scholarship, an ice hockey team and have 16. If you tell me we would save money doing that, with sports that haven't a chance to make a dime, then I'll have to say you're insane."

There are ways to keep a program in the black, McKay says. Surprisingly enough, despite the economic cushion his football teams provide, McKay holds his purse strings as USC athletic director in a tight fist.

"Some people try to keep up with the Joneses. We don't. We don't *always* travel first class. We don't *always* stay at the best hotels. We don't spend a lot of money on equipment. We don't need all different color jerseys and three extra pair of pants and 24,000 dummies. We've got enough dummies coaching and playing. Our equipment costs were around \$22,000 in 1960. They'll be around \$27,000 this year despite prices having doubled.

"We don't have 13 or 14 coaches like some schools in the South. We have eight. We don't have four or five practice fields. In our league we don't give \$15 a month laundry money or books. I'd rather we gave the books because they're the tools of an education, but that's the league rule. What does \$15 a month for 180 guys on scholarship [in the entire intercollegiate program] save us? Figure \$15 times 180 times nine months. That's what we save.

"So there are ways. Coaches say, 'You gotta have a dormitory like Alabama's to win.' We don't have a dormitory. Our guys stay in apartments. We still win. Players win games, not dormitories. Coaches in some conferences have to have 40 or 50 scholarships, whatever the others get. The largest number of scholarships we've given in one year since I've been here is 29. One year we gave 13, last year 19.

"We have an advantage over an Arkansas or a Nebraska in that we're in a densely populated area. Our recruiting costs are about a tenth of what some might be. But I don't believe you ever need to recruit more than 16 players a year—if you're right on those 16. If you have 22, say, and you're right on them, you'll have 88 players in the four classes. If you can't win with 88, you can't win. Numbers is not the answer.

"Coaches are like people. There are good ones, there are very average ones,

there are damn poor ones. The very average ones and the damn poor ones have one statement in common: 'Well, if I had *his* players I'd win all my games, too.' That same guy will bring in 50 players a year. He doesn't say, 'I've got 50 players who aren't any good.' That would be insane. He says, 'You oughta see our freshman team! Wait'll next year!'

Beyond the spirit a winning football program generates ("You can feel it build on a campus. All the smiles. Everybody running around saying, 'We're No. 1.' Lose 27 in a row and see how many smiles there are"), McKay has seen it act as a remarkable stimulus for endowments. Not just donations for the athletic department, but for the entire school.

"Our fund raisers tell me endowments go up when we win. They say how much easier it is when you walk into an office back East and the [potential donor] says, 'Hey, I saw the team win on TV Saturday. Great!' He may not be a big football fan, but he can identify with it. And at the half when they show the president and the medical school and all the buildings and he says, 'That's my school,' how much do you think that's worth? How much would the air time cost us?"

McKay says he does not presume to know what passes through a man's mind when he is writing out a \$2 million endowment check, but he has suspicions. An insurance tycoon named David Marks, now in his 80s, has given huge gifts to USC; his latest a \$350,000 tennis pavilion. Marks became a lover of SC football when he rode a wagon to see the team lose a game more than 50 years ago. Marks wears a USC cap and comes to the practices. The staff calls him "The Putting Coach."

"Football is not the only game ever played," says McKay. "A good football team doesn't have a university, a university has a good football team. It can be done anywhere.

"Last year Washington State under Jim Sweeney beat Oregon, beat Stanford, beat Washington. They won seven out of 11. Only two years before they were 1 and 10. Sweeney went to work. Tommy Prothro took two Oregon State teams to the Rose Bowl. Johnny Majors turned Iowa State around. Vince Gibson saved the whole program at Kansas State [income at Kansas State has more than tripled in Gibson's six years there]. It can be done.

"Is it ever going to be even? Everybody the same across the country? No. Places like ours have built-in advantages. Population for one. Tradition. But even then there are no guarantees. We had tradition, and we had a 1-9 season and didn't go to the Rose Bowl from 1954 to 1962 [McKay took the job in 1960]. Alabama had great tradition, but it wasn't winning anything when Bear Bryant went back. Boh Devaney took over Nebraska when Nebraska had had 20 years of losing. Now they're big winners. He went to work.

"Is it O.K. to play at the top level and lose year after year the way Washington State and some of them have had to do? Yes. Winning isn't everything. That's a terrible philosophy to go by. It's enough that you play. You *desire* to win, you *try* to win, but it's enough to play.

"One more thing. I've heard about all I can stand of this stuff that you can't win because the pros draw all the people. Nuts to the pros. Who ever went to the University of the Rams? We have 110,000 people who went to USC living in this area. We sell 49,000 season tickets [up from 19,000 in McKay's first year] only because that's all we're allowed to sell. Tulane proved the same point in New Orleans last year. They had 85,000 for a night game, the biggest crowd in Tulane history.

"What do the pros have that we don't? Well, they have less exciting offense. Our total offense was 430 yards a game last year. The Dolphins led the National Football League with, what, 360? Oklahoma averaged 370 yards rushing the football. Miami set an NFL total-yardage record by averaging about 210. We had 39 points a game. The Dolphins averaged 28.

"The pros have one big thing, identification. Everybody knows John Unitas. But we can do the same with an O.J. Simpson or a Mike Garrett. And now an Anthony Davis. We have to. It's our job to make sure people hear about Anthony Davis. 'You oughta see Anthony Davis run!'

"Get people interested in your program and in your players and you'll win. Jim Sweeney's going to win at Washington State.

"Is he going to beat us?"  
(Big McKay smile and a puff on a McKay cigar.)

"I hope not."

CONTINUED

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**Goodbye  
Columbus,  
Hello Frostburg**



There is too often a tendency to think of the college game in terms of Columbus and South Bend. The country knows of and has come to recognize Bear Bryant, Darrell Royal and Woody Hayes. But these things are only a part of college football. The game, as these and succeeding pages show, is also played in such places as Frastburg,

Md. and Spearfish, S. Dak. and, while they are in no danger of being recognized, Harnsby Howell, Tillman Sease and Gladden Dye Jr. are coaches, too. When the Millsaps squad comes barreling onto the field, it is just as charged up as USC, and the action promises to be furious, even though it does not cost as much to watch.







Late November in Albuquerque is sweater weather as an underflow crowd watches New Mexico scare against Brigham Young. It is warmer in Daytona Beach, part of the heat generated by the Bethune-Cookman band. In McMinnville, Ore., Linfield College has enough going against Lewis and Clark to excite all of its substitutes except a remarkably casual No. 66.





Presenting the well-disciplined Black Hills State (non-marching) Band of Spearfish, S. Dak. as it entertains itself and friends during the Nebraska Wesleyan game. New Hampshire's acrobatic cheerleaders go through an on-campus warmup drill while a couple of the victorious Frostburg State Bobcats give each other a muddy hand.







# Isn't this a lovely way to be caught in the rain?

by JAMES DRAKE

SEPT. 30, NEW YORK CITY  
COLUMBIA VS. FORDHAM

Odd to be beginning a photo essay on "backwoods" football in the middle of New York City. Rain falls as I head uptown by car to Baker Field, an old wooden stadium out of another era, marvelously photogenic and a vivid contrast to the swirl of the surrounding city.

A downpour at halftime, and when the Columbia band moves out to perform some band members hesitate, as if to debate the sanity of exposing themselves and their instruments to such weather.

Columbia piling up the score now, and along the Fordham bench the frantic question is not can we win but can we score. The game ends in a gloom that by now has fully gathered, with Columbia a lopsided victor. As a few happy fans literally spill down the rain-soaked stands, I returned to the office.

OCT. 7, FROSTBURG, MD.  
FROSTBURG STATE VS. TOWSON STATE

Heavy rain again as I drive down the Pennsylvania Turnpike to Frostburg. Horrible accident just ahead. A car spins out of control and flips over onto the side of the road. The semiconscious driver ends up 20 feet from his car with two hysterical and apparently unhurt girls calling his name in the night. With an umbrella I keep him dry until an ambulance arrives.

The next morning, a beautiful trip into the Pennsylvania and Maryland countryside, passing through Cumberland, Md., a very old and picturesque city nestled high in the Maryland hills. A little behind schedule, I locate the Frostburg

State-Towson State game at a high school field. The Frostburg athletic director personally greets me on my arrival and offers every cooperation. Such attention is highly flattering and a marked change of pace from so-called big-time college football.

A tight game with a capacity Frostburg State rooting section breaking into delirium with every advance or score of its team. A quite respectable Frostburg band performs long after game's end, and one wonders if a football game at Ohio State or Nebraska can be any more enjoyable than this.

OCT. 14, DURHAM, N.H.  
NEW HAMPSHIRE VS. MAINE

A short plane ride to Boston, a pleasant drive to Durham and I arrive at the scene of the New Hampshire-Maine game more easily than anticipated. A beautiful campus, like so many that dot the New England countryside—ivy-covered buildings, tree-lined walks, a classic old main building and the entire campus enveloped in the brilliant colors of autumn. The perfect setting for a Saturday afternoon of football.

Roaming the campus before game time, I stumble onto the New Hampshire publicity director who, also toting a camera, is hurrying to photograph a most attractive group of girl cheerleaders in front of the old main building. I tag along and remain to photograph them as they rehearse and perfect their various routines before a small cluster of onlookers.

Before game time the New Hampshire band forms and, led by cheerleaders, marches down the main street past a large tailgate picnic to the stadium. On the field a red fire engine, bedecked with fraternity members and their dates, is moved into place. A crowd liberally sprinkled

with old grad types, the ubiquitous dog that runs onto the field, and a finishing cross-country runner complete a rather full panorama.

OCT. 21, SPOKESMAN, S. DAK.  
BLACK HILLS STATE VS. NEBRASKA  
WESLEYAN

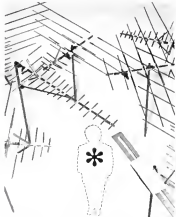
Difficult to reach Spearfish. Two jet flights, a long wait at the Omaha airport and a final propeller flight to Rapid City. Spearfish still an hour or so away by car. On the Black Hills State campus, two hours to game time and I find no evidence that a game in fact will be played this day. Forty-five minutes to game time and nothing stirring, the campus virtually deserted. A quick check with the athletic department confirms that Black Hills State will indeed play Nebraska Wesleyan today, however, there is still competition for interest as it is also the opening day of wild turkey and pheasant season, and the Oklahoma-Colorado game is on television. A modest crowd is expected.

Three or four spectators are seated in the small concrete stretch of stands as both teams take the field for their pregame drill. With the field lying at the base of an extremely steep hill, the players must either jump down through the stands or run down a sharply inclined and well-worn dirt path. No pampering of football stars here.

A small and nonuniform band begins to form in the stands as a few more spectators begin to trickle in. Along the sidelines I converse with the star of last year's Black Hills team, who expresses utter amazement that anyone would be covering this game. The point of the story is explained, and it is further explained that the colorful name Spearfish is as much responsible as anything for my being here. He laughs and confesses,

*continued*

Just 25 minutes from Broadway,  
Columbia-Fordham are on stage



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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL. *continued*

to my surprise, that he first attended Black Hills State largely because of the imagery of the name Spearfish. At half-time both squads remain on the field rather than traverse that sharp incline again. By now many of the early morning hunters are arriving at the game, and the crowd swells to a few hundred or so.

After the game and at the urging of the Black Hills State athletic director, I drive through Spearfish Canyon on my way back to Rapid City and encounter some spectacular scenery. I suspect last year's football star was not sorry he was lured by the name Spearfish into attending Black Hills State.

**OCT. 28, MC MINNVILLE, ORE.**  
LINFIELD COLLEGE VS. LEWIS AND CLARK

The longest jaunt of the assignment, a jet flight to Portland and a 40-mile drive to McMinnville. Linfield College, a small, pleasant campus surrounded by distant mountains. Today's game is also homecoming for Linfield, complete with the crowning of a homecoming queen, this one particularly overcome by emotion, and the releasing of colorful balloons into the air.

A well-played but basically routine small-college game. One unique feature, however, is provided by the Linfield head coach who chooses to watch the game and run his team from the press box rather than the sidelines.

**NOV. 11, JACKSON, MISS.**  
MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE VS. TEXAS LUTHERAN

Mississippi College, a quiet Southern school of high academic standing. Its small stadium is on the edge of a campus lying almost across the street from the huge 46,000-seat stadium of mighty Ole Miss.

One can imagine the contrast when both schools are playing here on a given Saturday and how the mighty roar of the University of Mississippi fans must come floating down over little Mississippi throughout its game.

Texas Lutheran, today's opponent, arrives by bus after a lengthy trek from its home in Seguin. Again a scene similar to Black Hills State. A small crowd filters into the stadium past two ticket windows. Small portable TV sets are everywhere in the stands as Mississippi fans also keep an eye on some of those big-college games. At the edge of the field a group of small boys are playing touch football.

One sour note struck at game's end, with both teams leaving the field a Texas Lutheran player, for no apparent reason, slugs one of the victorious Mississippi linemen on the nose. To ride a bus that long and lose a football game was possibly more than he could stand.

**NOV. 18, DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.**  
BETHUNE-COOKMAN VS. FLORIDA A&M

The flat Florida landscape a startling change from the mountains and more violent country of Oregon and South Dakota. Not had for a November assignment, motel right on the beach with a splendid view of the ocean.

Searching out the Bethune-Cookman-Florida A&M game with little success. One, two, three gas stations, and still no one knows the site of the game or even that the game is being played.

Finally locate the game at the Welch Memorial Stadium, no more than four or five blocks from my gas stations. The stadium is already filled to capacity; for a game so few townfolk seemed to know of, this is startling. So jammed, spectators are allowed to stand or sit at field level up to within six inches of the sidelines. During the course of the game there is the constant danger of fans being flattened, but they seem to scurry out of the way at the last possible moment. Solid rows of people are even perched high atop the concrete wall that surrounds the stadium.

Most probably the best football to date on this assignment. Two powerful and well-conditioned teams in a real rock 'em-sock 'em game. A momentary uneasiness at being one of five or six whites in a crowd of many thousand blacks, but they are most friendly and courteous as I go about photographing the game, and the question of color is soon forgotten. A spectacular performance by the Bethune-Cookman band at half-time.

**NOV. 25, ALBUQUERQUE, N. MEX.**  
NEW MEXICO VS. BRIGHAM YOUNG

The last stop on this off-Broadway college football saga. New Mexico and Brigham Young are the closest yet we have come to big-time football, but this game is poorly attended, and the impressive 30,000-seat stadium is less than one-third filled. New Mexico has had a poor season, and the fans have slowly slipped away from the team as the season progressed. When the final gun sounds, I, too, slip away.

CONTINUED

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## BELL OF THE BALL GAME

Winner of the annual Wobash-DePauw bottle gets to keep on old locomotive bell, assuming it is not stolen first. Last year it went to...

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

When Tommy Mont coached at the University of Maryland he experienced all the thrilling things that attend a college football coach when he is up to the noose line of his neck in the big time. Mont knew important people; he had his picture taken with Queen Elizabeth. He knew large enthusiastic crowds. He knew huge, pressing budgets and cutthroat recruiting, and blue-chip athletes whose talented hands itched to lay hold of professional contracts. He knew glad hands as well, and eager-beaver alumni and friends who were faithful when he won.

Mont had succeeded the late Jim Tatum, a Maryland legend. As head coach Mont proved to be a man of intelligence and wry good humor, virtues that could not save him when his Maryland teams began to lose. Which they did, too soon. Barely had he put his ear to the ground to catch the ramblings when he was out on it.

It was my impression that Mont had quit coaching after that, but in fact he had gone—presumably under cover of night—to Greencastle, Ind., to become head coach, and eventually athletic di-

rector, at DePauw University, where a man could lose in peace. At DePauw the crowds are small, and television coverage nonexistent. A few lines in *The Indianapolis Star* on Sunday morning is the apogee of exposure for a DePauw team. The white-chip athletes who come to play there do not drive complimentary convertibles, and the alumni are not spoiled by offers to go to the Orange Bowl.

Neither do offers from professional teams turn the heads of DePauw players. Mont had a punter who signed with Denver but did not stick. The punter was







ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD FUCHS

distinguished by his sandals and shoulder-length hair (DePauw is a conservative Methodist school, which only recently was willing to concede that a bottle of beer on campus might not evoke God's wrath), and used to debate the length of his punts with team publicist Pat Aikman, trying to get 39-yarders stretched to 41.

Coaching at Maryland did not, as it may have seemed, make an old man of Mont. He is one of those large gray men with droopy eyelids who look as if they were born old and who can often be seen

in the shadow of a scoreboard, looking up despairingly at the figures there.

At DePauw he was granted a golden twilight. If his losing seasons—since 1959—outnumbered the winners by almost 2 to 1, he was respected for his virtues and was much in demand as an after-dinner speaker. He told his audiences that DePauw football had everything Notre Dame football has except parking problems. He placed the picture of Queen Elizabeth on his desk and settled down. In time he was even given tenure, which would have been unheard-of at Mary-

land or any of those schools where football is too important to chance a coach's complacency.

Prima, proper little Greencastle—pop. 8,852—is not a town with an unlimited capacity for excitement, but what it gets it appreciates. John Dillinger robbed a bank there 40 years ago and townspeople are not over talking about it. A breath-takingly incongruous German World War II buzz bomb is on permanent display in the town square.

Mont, in turn, brought to DePauw football (in lieu of unremitting victories)

*continued*

## COLLEGE FOOTBALL. continued

a certain flair that could be appreciated. In the key game with archrival Wabash in 1960, DePauw scored a last-minute touchdown to cut Wabash's lead to 13-12. Mont had said if it ever came to this—a decision to go for one extra point to tie, or two to win—he would leave it to the fans. True to his word, at that turgid moment Mont turned to the stands and spread out his hands like a tent preacher. (In the press box, an assistant coach named Tod Katula, thinking Mont was signaling him to make the decision, dived for the floor.)

The crowd shouted "Go!"

DePauw went, and won 14-13.

"I could never have done that at Maryland," Mont said.

It was not Mont I had come to Indiana to see, however. Mont was a bonus, like finding a first-edition Melville in the quarter bookrack at the Goodwill store. It was the game—DePauw vs. Wabash—that had drawn me, through the clouds of my own doubts that college football could still get by in the kind of small-town incubators that spawned it so many decades ago.

Wabash had been playing DePauw in the privacy of western Indiana since 1890, which makes it (orchestra up) "The Oldest Continuous Rivalry West of the Alleghenies." The schools' propagandists cling to this designation as though it were a lifeline, the way other places vaunt their right to be "The Bell Pepper Capital of Kansas" or "The Birthplace of Truman Seymour." There is, nonetheless, a certain cryptic glamour to being the oldest anything, and that is what DePauw-Wabash has enjoyed, "The Oldest Continuous, etc., etc."

Any persevering self-respecting rivalry has to have pains to grow on, of course, and the seeds of a loving enmity were sown early in this one. DePauw claimed a forfeit of the 1891 game because Wabash didn't show. Wabash has no record of it, but has been unable to get it off the books. When DePauw lost in Crawfordsville one year, its student newspaper reported that "the best team cannot win when playing against 13 men, two of them the officials . . . [who] were personal friends of the Wabash coach." Wabash backed out of another game because of an incident the year before when Wabash fielded a black player. When DePauw records showed a victory over Wabash that year, Wabash officials conducted a "scrupulous investigation" and

found that the losing team was actually Wabash High School.

It was not unusual in those days for DePauw and Wabash to engage such teams as Purdue and Notre Dame, but there were even bigger nuts to be cracked. DePauw played the great Illinois team of 1924 and lost 45-0. Red Grange appeared on the field once during the game to pose for a picture. After the game the DePauw coach "was granted a leave of absence."

Wabash managed to drum up a piece of business with superpower Michigan. Outweighed 30 pounds to the man, Wabash succumbed 22-0. It was considered a moral victory. "Little Guins," someone called them, and the Wabash nickname was born. DePauw's athletic teams are called Tigers. There are no romantic stories about that, but a Wabash professor says that every time the DePauw mascot—a student dressed in a \$300 tiger suit—gets near the Wabash stands he loses his tail. Or worse.

By the '30s the rivals seemed to settle at their moorings like aging ships, talking on only routine passage and finding in each other the best reason for existing. In 1932 the Monon Railroad, which ran through the towns of Greencastle and Crawfordsville, donated a 350-pound bell off one of its locomotives as the winner's prize, and most of the intrigue since then has centered on the stealing of and the fighting over the Monon Bell. The series slogged along. It was remarkably even, 36 victories for DePauw, 35 for Wabash and seven ties, when I first heard of it a year ago.

I made my headquarters the week of the game at the General Lew Wallace Motor Inn in Crawfordsville, motoring in from Indianapolis through a missing rain and 33°. The Indiana sky was caked in layers of gray, like an elephant's hide. The sun had made three spot appearances since September, and the bone-chilling dampness had taken root.

Crawfordsville is 30 miles due north of Greencastle on U.S. 231. The tie line is not exactly the labyrinth at Knossos, however, so it is reasonable to say that the towns are compatible. Crawfordsville has a few more people and apparently not as many funeral homes. My first im-

pressions were reassuring. John Wayne was playing at the 88-year-old Strand Theater. A whistling mailman was making his rounds on foot. The police wore American flags on their sleeves.

One of the latter obligingly led me in his patrol car to the Lew Wallace, which I had missed on the first pass through. Wallace was the Civil War general who wrote *Ben Hur*. His study is now a museum near Wabash, which he attended in 1840. For six days. Nevertheless he remains the school's most famous matricu-



Bells sailing over the fence onto the railroad tracks were often crushed by passing trains.

ulator and the only name I recognized on the lists of Wabash alumni.

The Lew Wallace Motor Inn was formerly a coffin factory. The restaurant there serves an appetizing brand of canned chili that the Wabash coaching staff takes in every now and then. The coaches love it. They think the chili is homemade.

Wabash was a short walk in the rain to the western edge of town, the tiny campus spotted with huge piles of decaying leaves, the only color left on it by the ad-

vancing winter. The campus is a throw-back. The original building (1832) is still in use, and additions contribute to the vaguely forbidding, bleakly exciting quality of the place. The unmistakable aura of an all-male institution.

I had been told that if you scratch the backgrounds of most Wabash and DePauw students you would find little to distinguish them—middle-class, Protestant, conservative, white. But college students wear their identities like overcoats and tend to adapt to the styles at

hand, causing a school's character to harden along certain fashionable lines, and it was here that Wabash and DePauw were said to be antipathetic.

Wabash (from the short DePauw view) is a monastery for the uncouth. Wabash does not have a code of conduct for its men, only that they "behave as gentlemen," which gives them license to develop low brows and manners. You can tell a Wabash student by the way he staggers on weekends. He is the one to be found face down in the wedding cake.

*continued*



## COLLEGE FOOTBALL. continued

He does not know a Windsor knot from the Windsor Castle and never gets the part straight in his oil-slick hair. Wabash men are called Cavemen (they enjoy the image), and you wouldn't let your sister touch one with a 10-foot cattle prod.

DePauw, on the other hand, is a rest home for sissies. DePauw men are called "Dannies" and are a hankie-waving bunch. Nevertheless, they are not particularly keen-witted. A Dannie carries an umbrella when the sun is out and puts it down when it starts to rain. How does a Dannie get in shape for the big game? The coach dumps him off the bus at Wabash, and he runs like hell for home.

Dannies adhere to a strict school moral code, which is to say they sneak their

drinks. When given more freedom than they can handle they are pictured running naked across the pages of *Playboy* magazine. DePauw's student body is 45% female. Wabash students therefore consider DePauw a nice place to visit, but they wouldn't want to enroll there.

These differences are mostly symbolic, of course, but it is true that DePauw is a larger, more socially tailored school (2,257 enrollment to 850) with a surer financial base, and it does have girls. Wabash made a two-year cost study of going coeducational some time ago and decided that girls did not belong in college.

"There it is—you're jealous of DePauw," I said. I was nursing coffee in the offices of the Wabash news bureau with

Director of Public Affairs Jim Wood and Sports Information Director Gerry Dreyer, trying to find a good reason for being there on such a lousy day. The wooden floors smelled deliciously of age, and on the wall was a laminated plaque announcing the 1907 Michigan game ("Yea! Wabash! Big Mass Meeting of Townspeople . . . The Biggest Athletic Event Ever Pulled Off in the State . . .").

"Of course we are," said a third man, a professor whom Wood had invited in to set me straight on DePauw. His name was Warren Shearer, onetime acting dean of men, a whip-lean man with aggressive eyebrows that bounced when he was hard into a story. Wood guided him on. Shearer's dramatic voice rose.

"But venturing out for companionship never bothered a Wabash man," he said. By the same token, he said he had noticed over the years a marked deterioration in the vigor of the DePauw people. They had become "more placid," and their professors were hopeless. When emotion ran amuck on the field or in the stands at the big game, it was always the Wabash professors who sallied forth to save the peace. "The DePauw professors," he sneered, "just sat in their seats with their arms crossed."

He said it was remarkable how clean Wabash had kept its record, considering. He said there was only one time he recalled ever having to expel any students. Only a handful. For vandalism. "They threw some paint around," he said. "It was not water soluble."

"And the bell?" I asked. "What about the bell . . .?"

"The Monon Bell! A subject close to my heart."

"Yes, but do college kids really get excited about things like that anymore?"

"Well, I can say to you now that it is in our possession, having won last year's contest with consummate ease (16-7), and it will remain so. It is chained to the balcony rail in the gymnasium for all to see, which is typical of Wabash. DePauw is inclined to hide it, not being sure of its ability to keep it. We have little to worry about. DePauw's actions at best are retaliatory, which brings up a very interesting story."

Shearer then told me how, a few years ago when the bell was at DePauw, a Wabash student posing as a Mexican reporter was granted an interview with DePauw President Dr. William Kerstetter, who not only blabbed the bell's hiding place

The four conspirators lived in an "off-campus apartment," a ramshackle two-story building.



but had the director of athletics take the bogus Mexican around to see it. That night a Wabash raiding party redeemed the bell.

"I think the code name for the operation was 'Frijoles.' It was a dark day for President Kerstetter, who is not known for his ability to take a joke. One of the DePauw deans called me almost hourly. 'You've got to get us that bell back!' he said. I told him he had absolutely no sense of humor.

"But it's breaking and entering!" he said. 'A felony!'

"But didn't they leave money on the windowsill?" I asked. In fact they had left \$1.15, which was more than enough to cover damages.

"The bell was kept in the woods nearby, where there were regular showings and an occasional dingdong. The dean finally called again. 'I don't want to alarm you,' he said, 'but my students are up in arms. They're coming up to Wabash en masse, 400 strong, to recover the bell.'

"All that will accomplish," I said, "is one of the grandest riots ever seen on a college campus. Our students will welcome them with open arms."

"Ah, it was great while it lasted. But a compromise was made, and an exchange took place at Racoon Creek, halfway to Greencastle. In secret, they took it to Blackstock Stadium and buried it just beyond the end zone. That's their style. But they had a helluva time. When it was time to uncover it just before the game, the ground was frozen solid."

Professor Shearer was brainwashing me. He knew it and I knew it. What he didn't know was that it was working.

I cannot pinpoint the moment I lost my objectivity and began to care—in Wabash's favor—but I can reconstruct the reasons for it. Something as expressive and unaffected as Wabash vs. DePauw felt at ground level for a spell is quite impossible to resist. If you think you know college football by knowing Texas-Oklahoma or USC-UCLA you are as wrong as you would be if you thought you knew the United States by knowing New York.

I think the realization struck with a punt that landed on the railroad tracks at practice the next afternoon. The ball slid off an enthusiastic but inept Wabash foot, flew up into that grieving Indiana sky and over the fence at an erratic angle and down onto the tracks that

split the field into upper and lower levels, and caromed and spun there among the ties, and I heard the train and said to myself, "Well, there goes the budget."

The Wabash coach had told me how the balls popped when the trains passed over them, an ordinance of physics he could do nothing about. But it was the economics that touched me. Football at Wabash is deficit spending, and the pops are never music to the coach's ears. "Every time we open the doors for a game," the coach said, "we lose money." What thrilled me about the remark was that Wabash had no intention of closing its doors, as others have, for that reason.

We watched the bull disappear, and I said to the coach, a part Cherokee Indian named Dick Bowman, that this was no place for a penny-pinching outfit to practice. To which he wisely pointed out that the cost of moving the field vs. the sacrifice of a few hanks of leather to the railroad was no contest.

Actually, he said, if I really wanted to

see the budget at work I should go on a road trip, like the 300-miler to Sewanee when his wife packaged 120 homemade pimento cheese sandwiches only to find out the players preferred bologna. Leftovers don't lie. Bowman said he broke the trip at Vanderbilt for a workout on the Tartan field.

"They'd never been on anything like that," he said. The fields in the Indiana Collegiate Conference, of which Wabash and DePauw are members, are not always level, nor skillfully lined, much less synthetic. His boys got out on the Tartan and "we couldn't drive 'em off."

A Wabash player in a dirty white uniform went down and stood by the track on our side, waiting with his hands on his hips for the train to pass. In that grim perspective he reminded me of one of those solitary night people who can be seen watching stoically in front of the machines at the coin laundry.

The train passed and the bull was still whole on the other side. "Saved," I said



There, in a bathroom that apparently had not functioned in years, was the bell.

continued

## COLLEGE FOOTBALL. by Michael Ochs

to Bowman I was actually relieved. Bowman just smiled and began moving away to get a better angle on his backfield. He moved with a limp.

"What happened to your leg?"

"Which one? I hurt one knee when I was at Oklahoma trying to play offensive tackle at 200 pounds for Bud Wilkinson. The reason I'm limping now is I got knocked down at Alibon last year and ruined the other. We may not look it, but we hit pretty hard in this league."

I asked him if it bothered him much, the transition from Oklahoma to Wabash. He often referred to "the Big Time," how this or that player was "almost good enough for the Big Time," or, "you never see this in the Big Time."

If Bowman weren't an Indian you would think he was a cowboy—lanky and broad-shouldered, with a deep-lined face and a quick, pleasant smile that stretches like a clothesline.

"I loved Oklahoma," he said, "but I think I loved Bud more. I think in that atmosphere you are more part of the team than you are a part of the school. I've been back only once in 10 years."

"I tell my players, 'You can't eat a football. You can bake it, broil it, and stew it, maybe, but you can't eat it. You better get that schooling first.' These boys do." He gestured at the practicing players. "You should see the books they take on trips. Far-out stuff, like Aristotle. They're always underlining."

A boy in street clothes had been standing next to him, waiting to speak.

"You're late, Tommy," Bowman said.

"Had a physics lab, Coach. And I was up to six a.m. on a term paper."

"What on? The term paper, I mean?"

"Witchcraft."

"Gee whiz. See what I mean?" said Bowman, turning to me. The boy walked away. "Tommy's a fine boy. From Waco, Texas. We get 'em from everywhere. Hey, see that one over there? Tulsa, Okla. His father is with an airline. The family can fly for nothing. That's the kind to have."

"How do you get so many?" I said. There were 100 or more on the split-level field. Some were not the most athletic-looking specimens.

"Walk-ons, many of them. I don't cut anybody. And I write a lot of letters. We can't give a full scholarship, which makes it difficult because some schools in the conference can."

"Do you ever wish for the Big Time?"

I mean, coaching in it?"

"I made that decision a long time ago. I'm 41 years old. I couldn't go the other way if I wanted to. It's past me."

Later, over cocktails at Wood's house, a group of them—Bowman, Athletic Director Max Services and a couple others—ganged up on me. I don't know what I said to start it, something about intercollegiate football at a small college being as impractical in today's world as a truck farm, but they swamped me with rhetoric. They said football was not there to make money, where had I been?

"Our budget's less than \$100,000," Bowman said. "Gate receipts average about \$7,000 a year. We can seat 4,200, and the only time we fill the stadium is for DePauw. No way to balance out."

"Athletics are for the kids, not the other way around," one of them said. "Athletics contribute to the educational experience."

"I like that," I said. "I remember a Dartmouth..."

"Fifteen percent of the student body is out for football," I was interrupted. "Eighty percent participate in some form of athletics."

"Tell that to your Notre Dames and your Michigan Suites."

"And your Alabamas."

"The austerity bothers some of them," Bowman said. "I had one boy sneak out the first night. There's a high attrition rate, too, because of the academics. I'll start 11 freshmen against DePauw, including the quarterback."

"Maybe you oughta pay 'em under the table," I said, casually dipping into the peanuts.

"Are you kidding? Semipro athletes? That'd be a catastrophe. Where would we get the money? Besides, they're too close as a group within the student body. It'd be bad for morale."

"DePauw has one slight advantage. They can promise their athletes the chance to wait on tables at the sorority houses."

"They used to get an extra day off at Thanksgiving if they beat us."

"There's always a money problem here," Wood said. "You oughta see President Seymour. He'll tell you. I think he collected a million bucks last year in a door-knocking campaign."

"Old Thad Seymour. And he's an Ivy Leaguer, too."

"It's really not so critical," Bowman said. "The coaches were able to scrape

up enough pin money to go out to an authentic Chinese restaurant last year."

The next day I went around to see President Thad Seymour, tracking mud onto the carpet of his office, which smelled of pipe smoke. The laminated handball announcing the 1907 Wabash-Michigan game was on his wall. Seymour is a large man with a hearty voice and a ruggedly constructed nose that does not precede him so much as it leads his interference. He had been the dean of men at Dartmouth, and until he came to Indiana—by train—three years ago he "didn't think places like this still existed."

He revelled in it. He had participated in the faculty intramural program and he had been caught up in Wabash vs. DePauw. He said last year at the annual game Monon Bell Stag Night in Indianapolis, when rival alumni and officials get together and live it up, he had, in the course of performing magic tricks for the crowd, broken an egg in President Kerstetter's lap. He thought it great fun.

Neither was he above leading the Wabash student body in a cheer or two, he said. His first year, wearing a red-and-white freshman beanie, he went onto the field to get one going. The score was 14-7 DePauw. Almost immediately after his cheer Wabash scored. "Unfortunately, we went for two points and missed. If we'd made it, it would have changed my life. I could have sat at my desk and never done another thing."

On my way out I lifted from an anteroom chair a discarded copy of the annual racy newspaper put out by Wabash journalists for the big game. This one was called *The DeBawch* and featured a nude man partially covered with a DePauw pennant lounging across the front page. President Kerstetter's head was superimposed on the man's shoulders. The headline said, "DeBawch Pres. Desires Strong Student Body." I stuffed the paper under the seat of my rental car and drove the 30 miles to Greencastle.

It was raining there as well, God was playing no favorites. Pat Askanan filled my arms with indoctrination material and arranged for me to see Tommy Mont. The DePauw newspaper he gave me was crammed with pictures of coeds, indicating to prospective students that the place was crawling with good-looking girls in short skirts. There was one pointed reference to the football program. "Victories are not pur-

continued

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Feb. '73).



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chased at the expense of scholarship."

Aikman said, indeed, that football was kept in perspective at DePauw, but scholarships were available to football players and they were proud of the accommodation Tommy Mont had made. The squad had a higher grade average than the student body, and 33% of the varsity were pre-med or pre-dent students. Tommy Mont's job did not depend on beating Wabash. "But, of course, we would like nothing better," Aikman smiled thinly.

We dropped in on Mont. One of his assistant coaches, a pale young man with a red crew cut, looked me over carefully and then disappeared. Mont said one thing he enjoyed about the rivalry was how well everybody got along, especially the two coaching staffs.

Ted Katula said I shouldn't listen to too much of that, because old Tommy always pulled out the stops for Wabash. He said a few years ago Mont changed DePauw's jersey colors at halftime. The ploy enraged Wabash, but it had a salutary effect on the DePauw quarterback who suddenly became Sammy Baugh.

"But the real story was Tommy's half-time talk that day. We were behind 10-0 and looking hopeless. In the middle of his talk he turned and pointed at me. 'Now you fellas know Ted here. He's been with me 10 years. I hate to say it, but he's leaving us. This is his last game at DePauw. Frankly, fellas, I'd consider it an honor if we won it for old Ted.'"

"Gee, they almost tore the door down getting back out there. We won 13-10. And as you can see, I had no intention of leaving DePauw."

What, I asked, did Tricky Tommy have cooking this time?

Mont smiled without showing his teeth. "Oh, you never know," he said. "Neither team is exactly overloaded [DePauw's record was 2-6; Wabash's 3-6]. Did they tell you we haven't lost up there in 18 years?"

Later at practice, the red-haired assistant coach told me I was "D.K." I said I didn't understand. He said he had checked me out. He'd even called New York. He said they couldn't be too careful this week. "Actually," he said, smiling, "you don't look Mexican."

The telephone at the Lew Wallace jarred me from sleep at five a.m. An adolescent voice, filled with excitement, roared into my subconscious.

"We got the bell!"

"Who?"

"The bell. The Monon Bell. Those stupid Kappa Sigs..." He was laughing like a maniac. "Sawed through the chain and carted it the hell out of there."

"Listen, hey. Uh, listen. Who...?"

"Never mind. You probably know about the Sphinx Club getting permission to take the bell down to Greencastle last night..."

"The who?"

"The Sphinx Club. The Wabash let-terms. They took it on a truck and rang the hell out of it, but those dumb DePauw guys couldn't take it off them. The cops finally chased them out of town. Well, when they got back they just chained it to the door frame in the gym lobby. And the Kappa Sigs were guarding it. Were, until a few minutes ago."

"We? Who's we? DePauw...?"

"Naw. I'm a freshman at Wabash."

"You mean you stole your own bell?"

I was finally awake.

"Yeah. Wild, huh?" He was still giggling like a maniac. "You wanta see it?"

"Yeah, but I think I'll wait till dawn. Unless you plan on stealing the Lew Wallace coffee shop."

The four conspirators that made up the raiding party lived in what they called an "off-campus apartment," a ramshackle two-story building whose walls were held together by Providence and a thin coat of flaking white paint. The leader of the gang was a slightly built, deliberately scruffy-looking boy named Ken who said his father was a banker in Westchester County, New York.

Ken led me on a triumphal walk down a dark stairwell to a first-floor bathroom which, by appearances, had been out of commission for several decades. There, next to a rusting trash-laden bathtub and a sleeping black cat, was the Monon Bell, painted red (for Wabash) and gold (for DePauw).

"They should never have left it to those Kappa Sigs," Ken said proudly.

"We really fooled 'em."

"What you got against the Kappa Sigs?"

"They're a frat. I hate frats."

"Why?"

"Why? All that discipline."

I asked him what they were going to do with it. The bell. Already *The Burlington*, in banner headlines, had blamed DePauw. "Won't a lot of people be up in arms?"

"Dean Moore knows we got it. They'll get it back just before the game."

"D.K., but why did you take it?"

He looked at me condescendingly.

"Somebody had to," he said. "Those Dannees wouldn't even try."

The missing bell was a conversational leader that night at the Monon Stag in Indianapolis. Jim Wood predicted I would love the stag, everybody getting together and cutting each other up. But it was the low point of my week. The preliminaries were all right—Mont and Bowman were short and sweet, President Seymour produced a red-and-white Beat DePauw sign out of a torn-up napkin—but the toastmaster was excruciating. DePauw had wanted to sub its glee club as the main event, and it would have been a good idea.

On the morning of the game I was up early and over to the student snack shop for breakfast. I ran into two of the players, an end named Hiatt, who had six vials of experimental fruit flies stuffed in his fatigue jacket, and a safetyman named Haklin, the team captain. Hiatt said he had played in the game last year with a separated shoulder, "but there was so much infighting and name-calling going on I didn't realize it."

Haklin was having his team meal, a carton of milk and a blueberry Danish. He said a professor had told him all the games up to DePauw were "scrimmages," and "He's right. Last year when the seniors talked to the team before the game it was like war. They said, 'You better prepare yourselves. And you better win. For your sake, not ours. You'll take a lot of crap if you don't.'"

Haklin looked down at the empty milk carton he was squeezing.

"Next year I'll be in grad school, trying for a Rhodes scholarship. But I don't know what I'll do without football. I couldn't have made it at a big school, so I came here. I'm sorry it's over."

Upstairs, Dick Bowman looked out at the elephant-gray sky over Little Giant Stadium. "Damn rain," he said. "I hope it stays away." He said he planned no gimmicks for DePauw. A basic Dilatona defense, the fashionable triple-option offense. "Fundamentals are about all we have time to teach."

He said he had four bottles of champagne on ice for the victory party. He said he realized it wasn't enough to get high on.

*continued*

# WHY... A DIFFERENT DOG FOOD?

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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

A Veteran's Day Parade in downtown Crawfordsville was the only competing event at game time. Despite the threatening weather, the Wabash crowd arrived early and filled its side. The DePauws were late coming and did not fill theirs. "They don't want to see any more than they have to," a young humorist standing next to me on the sidelines said.

The Monon Bell came clanging into the stadium on the back of President Seymour's swaying 1938 Packard, eliciting a ponderous cheer. The DePauw band was thumping overhead as Tommy Mont faced his black-and-gold-clad warriors in the dressing room and offered them clemency for a "bad season." He beseeched them to play "the doggonedest football game you ever played." They whooped and crowded the exit to the field.

It might not have been that—the doggonedest football game ever played—but it was a fine one, lacking neither skill nor drama. I stood with Mont's coaching staff in the first half in a vortex of parsitanship. A guard named Dulesandro came off shaking his head in wonder. "It's euphoria, man," he shouted, wide-eyed. "I think I'm moving like hell, but I ain't moving worth a stick."

On an out-of-bounds play, a pileup occurred at my feet. Mud flew, and bodies, and a near-hysterical voice at my elbow screamed, "Crack his head off!"

Wabash, meanwhile, had unleashed a treacherous attack of orthodoxy that overshadowed Mont's more imaginative football. Coach Bowman's freshman quarterback, Cogdill, got over a case of the flutters (a fumble, an intercepted pass) and put his team in for two touchdowns in the first quarter.

Then DePauw came alive. A 92-yard touchdown march made it 14-6 just before the half. The extra point was botched. "Dang," Mont said, turning sharply on his heel. "We've been doing this 13 weeks, now we're dumb." But as we moved off the field he winked at me and said, "Helluva college game, isn't it?" It was, too.

I offer, in somewhat expurgated form, as a classic of its kind, Coach Bowman's halftime talk to his Wabash players: "Gentlemen," he said, "you have 30 minutes to play. For some of you, it's the last 30 minutes. DePauw hates your guts. You hate their guts. You got 30 minutes to put together all that hate and all the courage you can and kick their tails. Now relax and have a good time."

On the Wabash side I had difficulty deciding which action to follow. The Sphinx Club, those redoubtable rowdies, made a human pyramid that collapsed wildly in the grass. They also offered their own refinements in cheer lyrics.

"Rah rah ree, Kick 'em in the knee!"

"Rah rah rass, Kick 'em in the wee-knee!"

Thad Seymour, a vision in red and white, came out of his president's box to lead his annual cheer. "Gimme a W!" he shouted, waving his arms.

"Dabo-ya."

"Gimme an A!"

"A . . ."

Wabash scored again on the first series after the kickoff, lightning some of the suspense. But a Tiger named Simpson scored his second touchdown on a 71-yard run, and a two-point play cut the difference to 20-14 in the fourth quarter.

Tempers shortened as the end drew near. Huxit grabbed a rival after a pile-up, and a player close by me yelled, "That's what we need, a good fight." But the fight did not materialize. The game ended with Wabash in control at midfield.

I don't know what I expected to happen then, but nothing notorious did. Champagne flowed (briefly) in the Wabash dressing room. Dick Bowman gave me a bear hug. I went over to the DePauw dressing room to extend condolences to Tommy Mont. He was sitting on a bench, settled there as heavily as nut pudding on an unaccustomed stomach, and didn't seem eager to talk.

One of his assistants was outside and I made a few gestures of commiseration. He had the look of a man who has seen a cow break loose and kill the butcher. The series was tied, he said.

"Geezus, after all these years we gotta start over."

One of those chestless collegiate types who have acquired enough insouciance to cover up their insecurities was next to me as I walked away. I had seen him before, but couldn't place him.

He said, "Well, what do you expect from a school like this?"

"What do you mean?" I said.

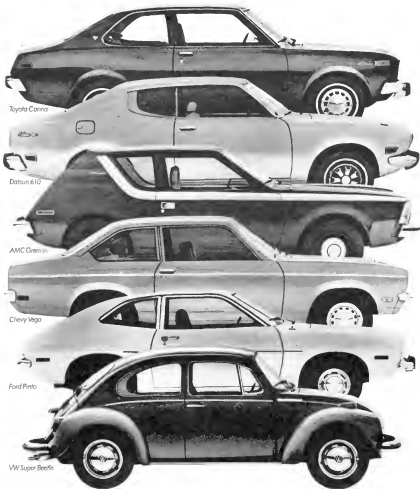
"Didn't Mr. Aikman tell you? Didn't he tell you about when they tried to get football started here about 6,000 years ago? How the team was so bad they tried to sell their only football?"

I said, no, I hadn't heard that one.

But I didn't doubt it.

CONTINUED

# Which one ran the least to run?



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AMC Gremlin

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VW Super Beetle

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## THE SMALL COLLEGES



But if you are hunting for a No. 1 team among the smalls, forget Wabash, DePauw and Frostburg State and set your sights on mighty Louisiana Tech

Football practice at Louisiana Tech University, this year's king of the small colleges, is a morality play in hip pads, a pigskin Armageddon. It is a clash between good and evil in which blows are struck, blood is shed, curses are shouted. The offense and defense have their spiritual guides: Denny Duron, a quarterback and an evangelist; Joe McNeely, a linebacker and a rowdy. The twain meet, and the thunder rolls.

Intrasquad hostilities cease on autumn Saturdays for war of another sort. The enemy is more easily identified. His colors are those of Southland Conference opponents like Southwestern Louisiana, McNeese State and Texas-Arlington. Louisiana Tech always wins—12 times without a defeat last season. If the tall, handsome quarterback with his passages from Philipppians does not do it, the short, unhandsome linebacker with his guttural ferocity will. And if it be neither, there is the spit and who can beat any defense, or the defensive tackle who is as invulnerable to bullets as he is to double team blocks. To be sure, there is an unusual football team in Lincoln Parish, Ruston, La.

Coach Maxie Lambright does not fully comprehend the conflicting personalities represented on his team, but he does

understand football talent. There is plenty of it among the Bulldogs' nine offensive and eight defensive starters from last year's coreceptor of the National Football Foundation's John F. Kennedy Award. The other college-division team honored was Delaware, which did not risk its unbeaten regular season in a bowl game. Louisiana Tech did and defeated Tennessee Tech 35-0.

Duron passed for two touchdowns in the Grantland Rice Bowl and was the game's outstanding offensive player. McNeely made 12 tackles, recovered a fumble and returned an interception for a touchdown. Football talent is perhaps their only similarity.

"Denny's been trying to straighten me out," McNeely confesses. "I am kind of rowdy."

Lambright is more precise. "Joe doesn't just tolerate contact, he enjoys it."

Louisiana Tech's coaches define offense and defense in terms that also seem appropriate to the Bulldogs' spiritual leaders. Offense is "poise, finesse and execution." Defense is "fight, fury and utter abandon."

Senior Duron is fulfilling the responsibilities handed down by that former Bulldog quarterback, Terry Bradshaw.

*continued*

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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

When he took the job last season—at the only college that offered him a scholarship—he had not played the position since high school. In each of the preceding four years Tech quarterbacks had amassed more than 2,000 yards passing. Three times they had led the team to a postseason game. Duron met the challenge by contemplating a favorite passage: “I can do all things through Christ which strengthen me”—and by praying “God.” Duron began, “they’ve had other quarterbacks here who were great. If I do that I won’t have done anything new. So I’m praying for an unbeaten season as glory to You.” Louisiana Tech went unbeaten, Duron passed for more than 2,000 yards, and the Lord, presumably, was glorified.

Prayer was a natural outlet for Duron, an Assembly of God believer who travels with an evangelical music group called The Vessels. On Thursday nights during the school year he holds campus prayer services. In the spring he baptizes confessors in the school’s outdoor swimming pool. There were 11 immersed last May 17. Among them was Halfback Glen Berteau, the leading rusher the previous fall. “Praise God,” Duron said.

Denny Duron is not alone in his beliefs among the Louisiana Tech players. “I think God had a plan when he called me here,” says Tight End Huey Kirby, who himself called 34 new souls to Christ at a revival in Jonesboro one evening. “This isn’t just a coincidence, our being here together. I believe the good Lord brought it all together for us.”

“I’m just thankful I’m part of a team with a Christian atmosphere,” says Guard Randy Crouch.

“The Lord doesn’t get much glory out of losers,” says Wide Receiver Roger Carr.

It is Duron’s philosophy that “if the Lord helps us fulfill our potential, we will win.” Certainly the potential is there.

“If a person believes that ‘God is on our side,’ and it helps him play well,” says Lambright, “then that’s going to help the team. But another guy might think he has to bust everything that moves to be good. That’s good for the team, too. Whatever it takes to inspire an individual’s confidence is all right with me.”

The 5’9”, 200-pound McNecy prefers contact. “I’m the littles, slowest guy out there,” he says, “but I can’t stand to get whipped.” Defensive Tackle Fred Dean is just about the biggest, fastest guy out there, and he cannot stand to get whipped either.

One NFL player-personnel director called the 6’3”, 220-pound Dean “the best defensive end prospect I ever saw.” Dean understands what such a reputation can mean. “Every man is a dollar mark to me. I want to show people what I can do. It’s just a common thing to go out and whup somebody.” It is decidedly uncommon, however, to repel a 22-caliber rifle bullet shot into your side as if it were a rubber BB. That is exactly what happened to Dean when he was cleaning his gun one day last summer. The next day he was out on the school’s track, getting in shape for the football season.

“The defense tries to make us think they’re tough,” says Tackle Roy Waters. “I don’t know how much of it is an act, but they are pretty convincing.”

The offense is not without its sturdy figures either. Fine blockers like Tackle Pat Greer provide ample time for those

long Duron-to-Carr passes. Carr averaged a nation’s best, 25.5 yards per catch on 40 receptions. “Nothing excites me more than hearing our long play called in the huddle,” says Carr, another outstanding professional prospect. “Sometimes I like the game to be close so they will throw to me even more. I don’t think there’s anyone who can stay with me.”

Carr’s game-breaking ability is not always needed on a team whose victory margin averaged 16 points. Precisely half the yards in the *Bulldogs’* delicately balanced offense came on the ground. Tailbacks Berteau and Charles McDaniell combined for better than 1,000 yards. As a freshman the year before, McDaniell accounted for 913 yards and 17 touchdowns by himself, both school records, and he may be back to that form after two injuries.

Equipped with such talent, Louisiana Tech’s sternest competition usually comes on those afternoon practice sessions, when, as McNecy says, “the players hate each other and there’s a whole lot of cussing and fighting.” But there are adversaries of another sort who are never combated on the football field. Sitting somewhat menacingly only four miles away is Grambling College, which, like LSU and Tulane in South Louisiana, covets talented players also. “We’ve been pretty lucky this year,” says Louisiana Tech Assistant Coach E. J. Lewis. “We got 11 players from the intrastate high school all-star game. That’s what you need to keep it going.”

Nor is it a disadvantage to be married to the school’s admissions director—which Lewis is—or to have strong support for your program in the office of Tech President Dr. F. Jay Taylor.

Dr. Taylor knows the country roads that lead to prospects’ doors, and he knows the sophisticated chambers of the state government where financial support for the school’s impressive athletic facilities can be rallied. “He’s a wheeler-dealer,” said another assistant coach proudly.

Louisiana Tech’s football success can now be understood: God is on its side and so is the governor.

Delaware, the tallest of the smalls the last two seasons, must replace 15 starters in its quest for an unprecedented third straight national championship and sixth straight Lambert Cup. The “skull positions” in the Blue Hens’ wing-T are secure with the return of Quarterback Scotty Rehm, who passed and ran for 1,021 yards last season, and Running Backs Vern Roberts (706 yards rushing) and Blair Caviness (525 yards). Losses in the offensive line and on defense were heavy, but Coach Tubby Raymond has a way of making do.

Ashland College also went unbeaten last year (11-0) with an offense that averaged 32 points per game and a defense that allowed a nation’s best 5.6. Nine defenders return, as does Lou Groza’s son Jeff, the field-goal specialist. Groza made nine of 15 attempts last fall and was the sixth leading small-college kick scorer with 66 points.

The longest winning streak in the country belongs to Division II member Bridgeport, 11-0 last year and looking for its 22nd in a row.

**NOT ALL THE TEAMS WORTHY OF NATIONAL RECOGNITION ARE SMALL. TURN PAGE FOR SCOUTING REPORTS AND RANKINGS**

# THE TOP 20



## TEXAS

Those beleaguered Southwest Conference teams who have been choking on the Longhorns' dust for five years are about to drop so far behind they will have trouble seeing them. The very least expected of the nation's most successful team since 1968 is a sixth straight league title. The very most is a national championship. It little soothes opponents that the Longhorn freshmen finally lost a game last fall (their first since 1969) or that at least two other conference teams had better spring recruiting results. All those Owls, Aggies and Mustangs are still so much fodder. The only opponent who should seriously challenge Texas at all is rebuilding Oklahoma of the Big Eight. Such is the joy and good fortune of the Longhorns' schedule.

Veteran players will sustain Texas in 1973, returnees from a 10-1 team that plodded early but surprised Alabama 17-

13 on New Year's Day. The No. 1 sustainer is Roosevelt Leaks, who can come at you six or eight straight times, as he so often did last year when Darrell Royal switched a few positions, told his halfbacks to stay out of the way and altered the blocking assignments. Everything came up Roses as the 5'11", 210-pound fullback bettered 100 yards in five of his last seven games and gained 1,099 yards overall. The conference-leading figure was a record for a Longhorn sophomore and prompted many to call him the Southwest's best fullback ever. Royal indicates there may be more Roosevelt and less pure Wishbone again this year, especially if sophomore Quarterback Marty Akins is slow developing. "Without the elusive, dangerous breakaway type back," he says, "we're going to have to make a little bit of yardage each time we snap the ball."

The snapper is Bill Wyman, who with Guard Don Crosslin brings needed experience to an offensive line that lost Jerry Sisemore. There are more than a couple of beefy thumbs to plug the forward wall, however, and not even Akins' inexperience—he saw only a quarter's worth of action last season—is considered alarming. Royal believes Texas is "more solid offensively" than a year ago, when the Longhorns did not begin to dominate until the fourth quarter of the Arkansas game.

Texas' real strength remains its defense, where Linebacker Glen Gaspard and Tackle Doug English head eight returnees who allowed only eight touchdowns. Royal has twice wanted to play Gaspard at fullback, but now he calls him "the best player we've had who didn't make All-America."



## USC

USC might very well be the best team in the country in 1973—and still lose a game or two and fall from No. 1. The defending national champions must test their unbeaten streak of 17 games against Arkansas, Georgia Tech and Oklahoma in the first three weeks, and Washington State, Stanford, Notre Dame and UCLA later on. If the Trojans survive unscathed, John McKay should be bronzed for display in a Heritage Hall trophy case.

Although he admits that "the cupboard has run bare here and there," McKay is not pouting his potential. Despite the loss of four All-Americans, McKay feels "this team is capable of winning every game." A big reason would be junior Tailback Anthony Davis, who is not at all bashful while assessing his Heisman Trophy chances. "Maybe I'll win it," he says matter of factly. "I sure hope I don't screw

up and blow everything."

No crisis could be greater, however, than the one Davis has already survived—a January automobile accident that injured his right knee and partially severed his left Achilles' tendon. "In the hospital," says Davis, "I thought about that little knee dance I do in the end zone after touchdowns. I worried about not being able to do it anymore. Then I thought that if I can't do that, I can't run anymore either. The accident helped me put things in perspective."

The well-recovered A.D. did not become a starter until Southern Cal's ninth game last year, but he still rushed for 1,191 yards and scored 17 touchdowns, including six against Notre Dame. This season, however, he will be without the excellent blocking of Fullback Sam Cunningham and an experienced offensive line that included Tight End Charles Young.

A suitable complement to Davis' running is the passing of Mike Rae's successor, Pat Haden. "He's as good a drop-back and roll-out thrower as I've ever seen," says McKay. Haden has two excellent receivers returning in Lynn Swann and his old high school buddy, J. K. McKay, the coach's son. Between them, the two caught 53 passes last year.

As good as the offense looks, the defense, with seven starters back, seems better. The linebacking unit, headed by Richard Wood and James Sims, "could be the best we've ever had," says McKay. Safety Artimus Parker already has 12 interceptions, one short of SC's career record. The Trojans are loaded, but so is their schedule, and one letdown will cost them the national title.



3



## PENN STATE

When Penn State Coach Joe Paterno turned down a million-dollar offer last January from the New England Patriots, it was a type of decision seldom seen in these materialistic times. Impressed that Paterno had bypassed all that NFL lure in favor of what he called the "healthy atmosphere" of University Park, Penn State's Class of '73 made him its commencement speaker and a grateful school administration raised his salary.

Everyone wants Paterno because of his seven-year record of 63-13-1, tops among major college coaches during that period. He is primed for another successful season, owing largely to a potentially jarring running game keyed to senior Tailback John Cappelletti. Hard to hit and harder still to bring down, Cappelletti rushed for 1,117 yards last season, second only to Lydell Mitchell's 1,567 of two

years ago. Now he will function behind a seasoned offensive line—six of seven regulars return—alongside either Bob Nagle, last year's starting fullback, or Tom Donchez, a rugged blocker who challenges Nagle after a year's absence because of injury.

Cappelletti and the other backs are the more dangerous for their ability to catch passes, a duty shared with Tight End Dan Natale, who led last season's team in receptions with 30, and Jimmy Scott, a 162-pound wide receiver with waxy moves and 9.6 speed. Still unresolved is the matter of who will do the throwing. Strong-armed Tom Shuman, understudy a year ago to All-America Quarterback John Hufnagel, had the job to himself until the annual spring game, in which he was outshone by sophomore Dick Barvinchak, a refugee from varsity basketball.

Another question concerns the traditionally hard-nosed Penn State defense. Two other All-Americans, Defensive End Bruce Bannon and Linebacker John Skorupan, graduated with Hufnagel, while Randy Crowder, a 6'2", 235-pound bruiser, has undergone knee surgery. That might force Paterno to replace him at tackle with Defensive End Dave Graf, an adjustment that would weaken both positions. "I'm concerned whether we'll be strong enough without Crowder," the coach frets.

At the very least, Penn State should continue to fulfill its well-nigh solitary mission of keeping big-time college football alive east of the Alleghenies. Given its schedule—oh, so soft with the Marylands and Navys—10-1 is the worst it can be.

4



## MICHIGAN

"We'll probably throw the football more, but we're not going to get too fancy. We had four interceptions last year. We've got to eliminate mistakes like that."

No, that is not Woody Hayes, it is Bo Schembechler of the Michigan Wolverines, once a member of Woody's staff at Ohio State and now his ex-boss' toughest rival in the Big Ten. Schembechler is a slimmed-down version of Woody with less of an explosive, tear-up-the-sideline-markers temper but all the same dogmatism, inner fury and stress on fundamental football.

Michigan had a 10-0 record last season and was on its way to Bo's third Rose Bowl in four years when disaster struck in Columbus. The Wolverines were sniffling at Ohio State's goal when Schembechler gambled on trying for a touchdown instead of a field goal, which would have pro-

duced a tie and given his team the bowl trip and the Big Ten title outright. The TD attempt failed. Ohio State held, won the game and tied for the title, thus earning the right to go out to Pasadena to get chewed up by USC.

This year the two teams again meet in the last regular-season game, but this time it will be before 100,000-plus screaming fans in Ann Arbor, where Michigan also plays Stanford—in its second game. There are not too many other dangerous teams on the schedule, and Michigan could possibly get through undefeated.

Back to Schembechler's startling admission that the Wolverines might pass more in 1973. The reason for such unorthodoxy is junior Quarterback Dennis Franklin from Massillon, Ohio, "one of the greatest quarterbacks in the country," who will be throwing to such as Tight End Paul Seal, "the best tight end in the conference." The quotes are Bo's. In the past, Franklin has appeared to be a better runner than passer, but he worked on his throwing all summer back home in Massillon.

"It's nice to have an established quarterback to start the year with," said Schembechler. "The last two seasons we've had a sophomore for our opener and we weren't overly impressive."

Michigan has excellent players elsewhere, too, notably Safety Dave Brown, Fullback Ed Shuttlesworth (a plunger with Csonka-like sock) and Defensive Tackle Dave Gallagher ("as good as there is around"). And, of course, a coach who thinks a 10-1 season is par. The Wolverines will be no worse than last season.



## ALABAMA

Bear Bryant, you old dog you, you can't kid us. You've got another winner down here in Tuscaloosa, haven't you? "Who, us?" asks Bryant, keeping his leathery face straight. "Win our third straight SEC title? You can't be serious." And with that he pushes back his checkered hat and directs his attention away from such crazy talk and out to the practice field where the best team in the conference, whether he admits it or not, is working out.

Terry Davis is gone, the quarterback who operated Alabama's triple option so well he was voted the Player of the Year in the conference. Nor is Guard John Hannah there to open holes for runners. This has Bryant moaning, of course—"Other than linebackers, we have only eight proven winners," he says—but he quickly adds that he has some other people who should be winners soon. Wayne Wheeler,

the wide receiver, is a winner. Wheeler caught the key passes in Alabama's victory over LSU. Buddy Brown is a strong offensive lineman. Defensive End John Croyle is highly considered, and Mike Washington promises to be an outstanding cornerback. Washington surprised Bryant this spring—"He was ordinary last year, but now he's anything but ordinary"—and it is a pet theory of the Bear's that a team must find several surprises in addition to its winners if it is to be a championship contender.

The position at which Alabama needs its biggest surprise is quarterback. Four men battled for the job all spring, each looking brilliant on occasion, clumsy on others. Right now the edge goes to junior Gary Rutledge, who was Davis' backup last year. Rutledge will have a wealth of running backs to hand off to, the most experienced of whom is Wilbur Jackson. He averaged 7.1 yards a carry in 1972 and could become one of the best in the South.

What Bryant would really like to avoid this season is a year-end disaster. In 1971 Alabama took an 11-0 record into the Orange Bowl against Nebraska and was embarrassed 38-6. Last year the Tide was 10-0 until Auburn blocked a pair of punts for a 17-16 upset, and Texas rallied in the second half of the Cotton Bowl to win 17-13. This year's menaces appear to be the best teams in the conference—Florida, Tennessee and Auburn—plus a sleeper (nightmare?). LSU at night in Baton Rouge. Much as the Bear would like to make a clean sweep and win his fourth national title, it would take more winners and surprises than even he is likely to come up with.



## OHIO STATE


While Woody Hayes claims he does not harbor grudges for more than, oh, 20 years, he will never forget the 42-17 pasting that Anthony Davis and USC poured on his Buckeyes in the Rose Bowl. So revenge will drive Hayes and Ohio State this year—on the ground, naturally—and if they can beat Michigan on Nov. 24 in Ann Arbor, they may get another shot at A.D. and USC in Pasadena.

As always, Ohio State has enough good football players to field several teams. This year Hayes has 45 lettermen and 17 starters returning, and he also has recruited an army of muscular freshmen to bolster the defensive tackle position. The 60-year-old Hayes can hardly be accused of living on the other side of Generation Galch; last season he started four freshmen, including Tailback Archie Griffin, who hopped along like no Buckeye since Cassidy. Griffin

gained 239 yards against North Carolina and, for the season, averaged 5.4 yards per carry.

This year Griffin and 228-pound Fullback Champ Henson, a junior who led the nation with 20 touchdowns last season, will be working behind Quarterbacks Greg Hare and Cornelius Greene. The 6'3" Hare took the Buckeyes to Pasadena but has always been intimidated by Hayes' icy stares. As a result he has been indecisive at times. The 6-foot, 168-pound Greene, a sophomore with only junior varsity experience, displayed a quick, strong arm in the spring and also appeared indestructible on his crazy-legged roll-outs on action patterns. More important, Hayes likes his discipline and decisiveness, and those qualities alone could make Greene Ohio State's first black quarterback. Up front the blockers will be led by 238-pound senior Tackle John Hicks, an All-America who, Hayes claims, is "the best tackle we've ever had here."

Defensively, Linebackers Randy Gradishar and Vic Koenig will have to come through—or else. Gradishar and Koenig, who saw only 80 minutes of action in '72, both had knee operations during the off-season; if healthy, they will join Co-captain Rick Middleton, the team's leading tackler, to give Hayes his best linebacking corps ever. And Van DeCree was voted All-Big Ten as a sophomore. Pete Cusick, the only returnee from the top four defensive tackles of last year, came to Columbus as a 230-pound fullback. He is now a 244-pound tackle and he tosses runners around like Styrofoam dummies. Hmmm. If only Anthony Davis were a Styrofoam dummy.



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## NOTRE DAME

It is difficult to believe that Ara Parseghian became 50 years old this spring and that his coaching career at Notre Dame is about to span an entire decade. Since Ara was summoned to South Bend in 1964, only Nebraska's Bob Devaney and Alabama's Bear Bryant have posted higher winning percentages. Yet from that November afternoon his first Irish team let a share of the national championship slip away in the last two minutes of the season at USC, Parseghian has been unable to win the Big One. Even in 1966 when Notre Dame was voted the title, the uproar over his decision to settle for a tie against Michigan State deprived him of complete satisfaction.

Associates say Parseghian will never be happy until he coaches the Irish to a perfect season, but this year's golden helmets are unlikely to provide such blessed relief. Similar

in overall capability to last year's team, whose 8-3 record was Parseghian's "worst" at Notre Dame, they should be more explosive on offense, but less mature on defense than any Irish team in recent history. The seventy of season-ending defeats to Southern Cal (45-23) and to Nebraska in the Orange Bowl (40-6) dropped Notre Dame out of the Top Ten for the second straight year.

Tackle Steve Niehaus might have been All-America as a freshman except for a knee injury, and along with Mike Townsend, the nation's leading interceptor, he will compensate for chinks in the Irish armor. Meanwhile, Quarterback Tom Clements, whose sophomore statistics were as good as Terry Hanratty's, and Eric Penick and Art Best backs who can really scurry for a change, should keep Notre Dame ahead in some high-scoring contests.

In only two of his nine Notre Dame seasons has Parseghian met opposition whose composite records reached .500. His chief antagonists—Purdue and Southern Cal—failed to play a .500 schedule only once each during that time, and judging from past records they should again be the major obstacles. Parseghian has now beaten the Boilermakers three straight after as many failures, has taken three in a row from Michigan State and four from Army, as well as all 19 meetings with Northwestern, Navy, Pittsburgh and Air Force. Miami (Fla.) has managed a tie in three tries against him, and new opponent Rice was thrashed 55-2 when it last made such a drastic mistake in scheduling. The Trojans, however, bring back all those unpleasant memories, both old and new, that Ara Parseghian cannot seem to shake.



## ARIZONA STATE

Around Tempe, Arizona State Coach Frank Kush is a man whose bite is as sharp as a cactus. It isn't that he pummels his players with mailed fists, but Kush has twisted a recalcitrant's mind behind his back on occasion. "People who are quitters, they're the ones who hate him," points out Woody Green, Kush's All-America halfback. "He's mean but he's no meaner than football is. When he beats you, well, you get beat in football, too. He brings out the best in you, and that's all I can ask because when you get to the pros they aren't going to holler at you, they're going to take your money. I plan on keeping mine."

Kush was one of 15 children, the son of a coal miner who died at an early age. In 15 years at Arizona State he has not known a losing season, and his teams have won almost 80% of their games.

Over the last two years ASU has unofficially changed its school colors from maroon and gold to Green and White—Halfback Green and Quarterback Danny White, to be more precise. The backfield pair has fused an offense that racks up such point totals as 56, 59, 55 and 60, never smaller than 31 last year. Green and White have won 21 games and lost three.

Arizona State is missing some quality players, most notably Wingback Steve Holden, one of eight pro draftees, but the team has a notion that its defense will be better. In '72 the Sun Devils set an NCAA scoring record, but the defense seemed to have a bad case of the TDs also, as it allowed more than 21 points a game. Give up 48 but score 59, that's old ASU.

The offense once again will be stunning. Green says his knee, which was strained near the end of last season, is fully recovered, and White has come back from a broken collarbone suffered in spring practice. "It's probably helped my passing because the shoulder is stronger now, and I'm throwing the ball better." White is the son of Whizzer White, not the Supreme Court Justice but a former ASU All-America who went on to play with the Chicago Bears. Green was nicknamed Mobby in high school because his slippery style suggested that even harpoons could not bring him down. "What makes Woody great is his intensity," Danny White says. "He's not going to be stopped behind the line. He'll gain yards every time." Despite such praise, Green remains unaffected: "I just want to be myself and not let all the jive and publicity go to my head."



## COLORADO

It was a particularly long, cold, windy winter and spring in Colorado, and not all the icicles were caused by the snow. A few extra hung from the lower eyelashes of Colorado football fans. Normally an 8-4 season would not break up Boulder, but last fall the Buffalo buffs were envisioning a big year, maybe even a national championship, after ranking third in the nation in 1971 with a largely sophomore team. After CU rocked its first three opponents by a combined score of 114-30, Quarterback Ken Johnson's father died. Although Johnson played the next game, Colorado was destroyed 31-6 by Oklahoma State. Another three-game winning streak, capped by victory over Oklahoma, turned to ashes in consecutive burnings by Missouri and Nebraska. After Auburn embarrassed the Buffs 24-3 in the Gator Bowl, football speculation in Boulder was almost

as savage as land speculation in the rest of the state.

Coach Eddie Crowder, who doesn't mind conceding error, says he may have had a tendency to tinker too much, and will go with a less variable offense this year, featuring fewer passes and a fierce ground attack. But Colorado will still go to its receivers when necessary. Tight End J.V. Cain leads a list of four potential bull's-eyes. The problem, again, is who will throw the ball. If not Johnson, dogged by injury and misfortune, then it must be 5'7" Joe Duenas, who has it all—except height.

Tailback Charlie Davis (926 yards, 14 TDs) is among the best in the land, and there is not much wrong with Fullback Bo Matthews (720 yards) or Wingback Jon Keyworth either. With Bill McDonald back at center, Greg Horton at left tackle and a herd of good sophomores like Guard John Kornylo and Center Pete Brock coming up, the line should help score a lot of points. That is good, because Colorado lost its entire top-flight defensive secondary, plus four starters up front. Transfer Backs Rod Perry and Ed Kertel must stick like campaign decals to aid Safety Rich Bland. Fortunately, linebacker is strong with Randy Geist, Jeff Geiser, John Stavelly and Rick Stearns. Tackles Jeff Turcotte, Mark Sens and Wayne Mattingly characterized a kind of aluminum space-blanket front line—strong but thin. And there should be a lot of big kicks in the footwork, led by barefooted Chislen Fred Lima, national leader in placement scoring with 80 points. The Buffs are scarcely bare of talent: most of those 1971 sophomores are back for another try.



## UCLA

The Bruins are going to be good this season, perhaps very, very good, but the trouble is that very, very good in the Pacific Eight is likely to get you second place. For lurking at the end of the schedule—on Nov. 24, to be precise—is the showdown against crosstown rival USC, and teams that go head-to-head with the Trojans usually come out headless. More, the UCLA season begins in Lincoln against a Nebraska team that has a score, 17-20 as a matter of fact, to settle. In short, the Bruins are bracketed.

They were not bad last year, 8-3 including that first-game upset of two-time national champion Nebraska, and this year they have strengthened themselves with a transfusion of king-size junior college talent. "We're bigger all the way around, especially in the line," says the voluble coach, Pepper Rodgers. "They're quick, too, those big men." Two of

the transfers, Pat Sweetland, a 6'2", 240-pound guard, and Weak Safety Kent Pearce, have earned starting positions on the defensive platoon, and many of the other 15 transfers are expected to see action. Rodgers believes that his two split ends, Steve Monahan, a junior college All-America last year at Orange Coast, and Norm Andersen can play anywhere, and this year UCLA, which appeared at times to lack confidence in passing, is expected to throw more than before.

Although Quarterback Mark Harmon missed the spring game with a fractured collarbone, he will be ready when the season starts. "There's not a better man in the country at operating the Wishbone," says Rodgers. "No one works harder than Harmon to play the game."

The running attack, strong last year as fullbacks averaged five yards a carry, is expected to be even stronger. Halfbacks Kermit Johnson and Eddie Ayers and Fullback James McAlister give UCLA, as Rodgers puts it, "the speed and power you need in the Wishbone." McAlister may be uncertain at the start of the season. Switched from halfback to fullback, he missed all spring because of track and did not have the chance to work out at his new position. More definite debts: the kicking game is not as good as last year's, and the defensive secondary is not as deep.

For all his loquacity, Rodgers refuses to make predictions on how UCLA will do. "All I know," says Rodgers, "is that we throw the ball better, we catch the ball better, we execute better, we play better defense, we get better people, so we got to be better."



11



## HOUSTON

The University of Houston must wait until 1976 to become a full-fledged member of the Southwest Conference, but admission to the nation's Top 20 should come much sooner—like this season. There are two sound reasons why optimism is currently bubbling in aerospace country. The first is that Houston will have almost as high a percentage of veterans returning as the U.S. Supreme Court. No less than 10 of the 11 defensive starters are back, and so are seven from the starting offense. Even both kicking specialists return. The second reason is a soft schedule.

Last year, with six sophomores scrambling to sort things out on defense, the Cougars ran into trouble early and had to win their last four games to pull out a 6-4-1 season. This year the crunch, such as it is, will not come until midseason. Over a five-week span they face their four toughest

games—San Diego State, Miami of Florida, Auburn and Florida State—and they should be ready.

To achieve this the defense will have to be nastier to opponents than in 1972 (202 points), but Houston counts on the offense to grab back what the defense gives away. Head Coach Bill Yeoman is the father of the "Houston Option," a Veer-type attack that stresses an explosive running game and presaged the Wishbone T that has been so successful at Texas, Oklahoma and elsewhere. This year the Veer promises to be even more of a *Wohmoch*. "We'll be a threat from anywhere on the field," boasts Yeoman. Behind a good offensive line there is a backfield bursting with reasons why. The runners will be Marshall Johnson, successfully switched from split end last year; Leonard Parker, injured all season after gaining 125 yards in the opener; Reggie Cherry, five yards a carry last year; and freshman Jeff (The Jet) Bergeron, a Texas high school star who scored 67 touchdowns for Port Neches-Groves and drew drooling scouts even to his phys ed classes. The backfield ringmaster will be senior Quarterback O.C. (stands for D.C.) Nobles, who had only seven of 209 passing attempts intercepted last year. Nobles is a good student, married and the father of three children, and 12 pounds heavier than he was in '72. "Last year O.C. was 168 pounds of milk shakes," says Yeoman. "This year he's 180 pounds of muscle."

Now the question is whether the defense, somewhat inexperienced aside from its 10 returnees, can prove that it, too, is made of muscle instead of milk shakes. If it is, Houston should be 9-2, perhaps 10-1, and highly rated.

12



## NEBRASKA

Gone is Heisman Trophy winner Johnny Rodgers. Gone is Outland Trophy winner Rich Glover. Gone to the athletic director's chair is Bob Devaney, who coached the Cornhuskers to successive national championships before slumping to fourth place in the polls last season. But the Huskers are far from goners. There to keep them from sinking into oblivion will be a coach who teaches Sunday school, a left-handed quarterback from Las Vegas and a monster named Wonderful.

Filling Devaney's ripple-sole, walk-on-water shoes is Tom Osborne, a tall, handsome nonsmoker, nondrinker who was formerly Devaney's offensive coach. Despite the losses from last season, Osborne admits his offensive line "may be as good as any we've ever had." Best of those linemen is Darryl White, 6'4" and 267 pounds of tackle who is as immov-

able as if he were cemented in place. A better run-pass balance and a strengthening of talent at the vital I back slot will make for a rampaging offense. Tony Davis will try to do some Johnny Rodgers, while Fullback Maury Darnkroger will handle the short yardage. There to keep the scoring at a 30- to 40-point-a-game average is Dave Humm, a junior from Las Vegas who completed 153 left-handed passes last year.

Offensively, the soft spots are soft only in comparison to the contingent that yielded just 8.1 points a game in 1972. Who is going to push around John Dutton, a 6'7", 248-pound tackle? The defensive backfield has been fortified considerably. And for a monster the Huskers will go with either Terry Rogers, 5'11" and 196 pounds, or with a 6'4", 211-pounder of multiple talents and the honest-to-goodness name of Wonderful Mends. Wonderful, a transfer from Indian Hills (Iowa) Community College, is one of the fastest of the Huskers and after stealing a pass during the spring game he flashed 91 yards for a touchdown.

No small wonder, either, is Osborne, 34, who 11 years ago became an assistant coach for no salary but all he could cut at the training table. Equating religion with football he says, "My faith has enabled me to realize there's more to life than athletics." To which the 76,500 folks who have bought out all Husker home-game tickets are more inclined to say "Oh, yeah" than "Amen." To a large extent, Nebraska football and religion are synonymous, and as long as the Huskers win, the fans will feel their prayers have been answered.



## TENNESSEE

"Doggone!" shouts Tennessee's superwholesome boy wonder, Coach Bill Battle, in moments of anguish. "Dad Jim! And god *damn*!" Thus does the air turn baby-blue before his anger. Fortunately, there have been few occasions for such outbursts from this youthful prodigy: since he became coach in 1970, Bill Battle's record has been a dazzling 31-5-0. Indeed, Battle's Tennessee is undefeated against teams from 49 states and the District of Columbia, but against Alabama it is 1-2 and against Auburn it has lost three doggone straight games. "Everywhere I go," says Battle, "people keep asking, 'When you gonna beat Auburn or Alabama, Bill?'"

This may be the year. The offense is the backbone of it all. It will be led by the powerful tailback, Haskel Stanback, who set a school rushing record with 890 yards, and

by the small (5'11", 175 pounds) slippery natural-scrambler quarterback, Condredge Holloway, a junior who was confined to the pass pocket last year more than he liked. Holloway skipped spring practice in favor of playing baseball, an astonishing omission at a school so football-directed as Tennessee. "It may have helped," says Battle philosophically. "The team moved real well behind the other two quarterbacks, and I think that got Condredge's attention." The offensive line, led by sophomore Guard Phil Clabo (6'6", 270 pounds) and senior Tackle Gene Kilian, is strong, and the team's pass receiving should be improved by two sophomore ends, Darrell Culver and John Yarbrough.

Tennessee's kicking game is a bizarre but absolutely essential element this year. The shoeless All-AMerican placekicker, Ricky Townsend, who made all 31 of his PATs in 1972 and 12 of 19 field goals, is back with his bare big toe. He may also punt—with his shoe on, plus a special elbow brace to keep his arm properly extended when he drops the ball onto his foot. "It sure sounds flaky," admits Battle, "but what's a little eccentricity with a kicker like that?"

Tennessee's defense is tattered: seven starters were lost from '72's superb unit. Battle says, "I think we've filled in everywhere all right except maybe the cornerbacks."

The Tennessee schedule has six fairly weak opponents and five genuine tough guys, including Auburn and Alabama. It should be another winning year for the Battle-hardened Volunteers—but not perfect, god damn it.



## AUBURN

Venerable Shug Jordan was named the Southeastern Conference Coach of the Year and placed second to John McKay for the national honor, but the Dallas Bonehead Club best recognized his accomplishments in 1972. Following the graduation loss of Heisman Trophy winner Pat Sullivan and his trusty receiver, Terry Beasley, the Tigers were supposed to disappear for a while. But Jordan blew it: he failed to tell his ragamuffins they were supposed to *lose* 10 games, whereupon they finished 10-1, including a 17-16 upset of unbeaten Alabama.

Jordan is realistic this time around. "We will not have any psychological advantage going for us," he says. "We will be playing people who will be smarting from last year. They will be looking us up every Saturday, not standing around waiting for us to come to them. That fact in itself

should be a challenge."

Another problem is Jordan's typical "Who's he?" offense. Just when Tailback Terry Henley was gaining an identity (216 carries for 843 yards) he graduated, leaving seven offensive and six defensive returnees. Quarterback Randy Walls led the Tigers to nine of their 10 regular-season victories, but hurt a knee in Gator Bowl preparations, forcing untested Wade Whitley to debut against powerful Colorado. The result: Auburn 24-3. With Walls also absent from spring practice, Jordan wanted Whitley to gain experience and pose, but Whitley injured his hip and missed most of the workouts. Fullback Rusty Fuller and Wingback Thomas Gosson return along with one side of the offensive line, Tight End Rob Spry, Tackle Andy Steele, Guard Bob Farnor and Center Steve Taylor. Despite the loss of Henley, the Tigers could be strongest at tailback with sophomores Mitzi Jackson and Chris Linderman. Both are hard runners with breakaway speed, and Jordan would like to open things up by improving his passing attack. Walls (97) and Whitley (four) threw only 101 passes all season, something Sullivan just about accomplished in two games.

Defensively, Tackles Benny Sivey, All-SEC, and Bob Newton return. So do Linebackers Bill Luka, Ken Bernich and Bill Newton and Sideback David Langner. Ends Rusty Deen and David Hughes and Sideback Jim McKinney also contribute to a well-regarded defense.

Jordan is no bonehead when he observes, "There will be a similarity to last year in that we will have to fight for every inch. . . ."

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## OKLAHOMA

It is hard to believe the school that gave us Jack Mildren and Greg Pruitt and 22 victories in two years and eight zillion yards of Wishboning has turned into Oklahoma Crude. But in addition to wondering who is left to coach and who to play quarterback at Norman, the sickies are asking who remains to alter records and who to lead cheer rallies.

No sooner did Coach Chuck Fairbanks depart for the pros last spring than Kerry Jackson, star quarterback heir apparent, departed because of prose. (In April the school admitted that Jackson's high school transcript had been changed; thus Jackson was declared ineligible, and Oklahoma forfeited eight victories. In August the Big Eight zoned the Sooners with a two-year probation that will keep them out of bowl play this season and next and off national television in 1974 and '75. The NCAA is yet to be heard

from.) Just as new Coach Barry Switzer started to pick up the pieces, the new rally leader, Bill Lambull, a Southern Cheyenne, was dressed by some Indian brethren not to perform in native dress.

Switzer will debut with a strong nucleus of quality players and try to hide a lack of depth. Redshirt Steve Davis cuts upfield almost as well as Mildren, and his experience puts him ahead of highly touted freshmen Scott Hill and Joe McReynolds. While Jackson moved out, the rest of last year's second-string backfield moves up. Senior Fullback Tim Welch and junior Halfback Grant Burget both averaged more than five yards a carry in 1972, but it is sophomore yet Joe Washington who is being counted on. If not a better talker than Pruitt, Washington is surely a better blocker and he may even have more moves; in the spring game he gained 127 yards and scored three touchdowns. "Maybe the crowd got him going," said Switzer. "We do have crowds in the fall, don't we?"

Oklahoma crowds will also enjoy Tinker Owens at split end and the brothers Selmon on defense. Tinker is the elfin receiver who rang the bell against Nebraska and Penn State last season. Five-11, 225-pound Luscious Luscious Selmon and his younger brother, Dewey, will undoubtedly ring a few bells of their own. A third Selmon, LeRoy, has been sidelined by illness.

The Sooners must play USC, Texas and Colorado in the first five games. With Kerry Jackson, this Sooner Wishbone would have been devastating. Without him, Oklahoma may have to bone up on some wishes.



## FLORIDA

Doug Dickey's fourth year at Florida promises to be the one in which he feels most at home, considering the new houses he and seven of his assistant coaches recently settled into, opting to tackle job security head on. It is no coincidence then that the 1973 Gators resemble the kind of teams Dickey coached at Tennessee—tough and talented.

"We have good quality," says Dickey. "We have some big-play people and some depth in guys who can make winning plays. I think Florida has reached the point where it can look the best teams in our league in the eyes."

Everyone's eyes will be on Nat Moore, for it is he who epitomizes the "big-play people" Dickey mentioned. In one year Moore has gone from junior college basketball player to the SEC's most explosive running back. His 845 yards on 145 carries set a Florida record, and he reeled off scor-

ing jaunts of 46 yards against Florida State and Ole Miss, 52 yards against Auburn and 60 against Alabama.

At 5'10½" and 178 pounds, Moore gave up basketball because "I think my future, at my size, looks better in football." He led the Gators in pass receptions with an average gain of better than 14 yards.

"Moore is the finest back I have ever coached," says Dickey. "He can do more with the ball in his hands than any college back I have ever seen."

Florida foes will also see plenty of Quarterback David Bowden if he can stay healthy. Bowden suffered a sprained ankle, a bruised shoulder, a pulled hamstring and still led the SEC in passing as a sophomore. This year he can cuddle up behind 6'2" 240-pound senior Guard Kris Anderson in addition to some hardened juniors. All-conference as a sophomore two years ago, Anderson was sidelined by knee surgery for most of last year. Nicknamed "Quake," he once fell three stories at the site of a construction job only to rest for a few minutes and return to work. Way to go, Quake.

Sammy Green, 6'1", 230 pounds, handles all the odd jobs for a defense that returns eight starters. Last season Green played on the special teams and saw action at linebacker, tackle and middle guard. Wayne Fields, a freshman, led the team in interceptions. This year freshmen may be called on to provide some depth at running back. Robert Morgan, Henry Davis and Larry Brinson are prime candidates. But good as they may be, chances are that it will be the Moore the merrier.



## TULANE

Two very important factors should be taken into account when Tulane's 1973 prospects are evaluated, the Green Wave players are better, the Green Wave opponents are not. Accordingly, the team seems capable of grabbing the big chunk of success it so narrowly missed last year.

And 1972 will not soon be forgotten, what with the 24-21 loss to Miami when the winning touchdown came on a fifth-down play in the fourth quarter. Fifth downs are not only *wonderful*, they're illegal. And how about the 9-0 loss to LSU? Twenty-four years of frustration seemed almost over until a Tulane pass receiver was hauled down inches from the Tiger goal line. The last seconds did not allow enough time for a good cry, much less a quarterback sneak.

Despite such adversity, Tulane finished 6-5, considerably better than the previous season's 3-8. That was Coach Ben-

nie Ellender's first at his alma mater, and it was a humbling initiation to big-time football following his college-division national championship at Arkansas State. Two outstanding recruiting seasons have now passed and the Green Wave is anticipating its biggest splash in years.

Seven starters return to the offensive team plus the leading ground-gainer of 1971, Ricky Hebert, who was injured last year. Quarterback Steve Foley, a razzle-dazzle sprint-out scrambler, set a total-offense high for a Tulane sophomore with 1,319 yards and was chiefly responsible for a school-record 108 pass completions. The interior linemen average 241 pounds a man, and only one is under 6'3".

Even though the defense has fewer veterans, it may possess its greatest potential in years. Ellender calls 6'6", 260-pound Tackle Charles Hall "one of the best college players I've ever seen." Mike Truax, whose cousin Billy plays for the Dallas Cowboys, is a well regarded defensive end. He and Hall were credited with more than 100 tackles each last year. The linebackers will be young, but the secondary provides better-than-average support in Cornerback John Washington and Safety David Lee.

All of this talent will be showcased seven times in the *Dixie Bowl*, featuring an accompanying road schedule, which is all the better without last year's nemesis, Michigan. Three tough teams remain—North Carolina, Georgia Tech and LSU—but they must avoid the distractions of Bourbon Street. Four other opponents will be adjusting to new coaches. "There isn't a team on our schedule we can't contend with," says Hall.



## NORTH CAROLINA STATE

When Lou Holtz arrived at North Carolina State, the team needed a magician more than a coach. Holtz, who does card tricks on the banquet circuit, filled the bill, changing a 3-8 record in 1971 into 8-3-1 in 1972 and winning ACC Coach of the Year honors.

But Holtz cannot rely on surprise anymore. Instead he must depend on his 14 returning starters, nine on offense and five on defense. The offensive team has five of last year's six All-ACCers, including Quarterback Bruce Shaw. As a junior Shaw led the conference in total offense, completing 91 passes for 1,708 yards and nine touchdowns. Prior to the Peach Bowl he broke his wrist in practice. Freshman Dave Buckley took over and was voted the game's outstanding offensive player. Between them, Shaw and Buckley produced 51% of the Wolfpack's total offense of 2,472 yards

rushing and 2,286 passing.

After the spring game doctors discovered that Buckley was suffering from a detached retina. He was operated on in April and after several months of concern he has been given the go-ahead.

The offense also has four talented runners. Stan Fritts (689 yards, 106 points), Willie Burden (605 yards, 44 points), Charley Young (611 yards, 42 points) and Roland Hooks (283 yards, 14 points) prompt Holtz to say, "There's not a stronger group of running backs in America."

The offensive line also is intact, with Harvey Willis at tight end, Rack Druschel and Allen Sistrerle at tackle, Bill Yoest and Bob Blanchard at guard and Justus Everett at center. Yoest may well be the best lineman in the South and an All-America candidate.

"The key to our 1973 season will be overall defense and the kicking game," Holtz says. The defense held only one opponent (Duke 17-0) to less than two touchdowns last year, but the offense was productive enough to offset the weakness. This year that defensive deficiency may be telling. Only five starters return, and the second unit has only two lettermen, so depth is a problem. As for the kicking game, Holtz is still trying to pull something out of a hat.

The other big problem is scheduling. State has a toughie. It meets archrival North Carolina following trips to Nebraska and Georgia. North Carolina will have played Maryland and Missouri at home. It will take some doing to beat the Tar Heels, but then maybe Lou Holtz can turn them into rabbits.

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## OKLAHOMA STATE

It is an old story at Oklahoma State: the Cowboys have a new coach. Jim Stanley is the third in as many years. But his team is an old story, too, and he could not be more pleased. Seventeen of 22 starters are returning from a team that upset Colorado 31-6 and suffered three of its five losses by a total of only six points. At only one spot are the Cowboys hurting—their top two centers were lost to graduation—and Stanley says, "I definitely think we'll be better." At Stillwater these days that low-key evaluation amounts to pessimism.

The Cowboys' record of six and five represented their first winning season since 1959, and much of the credit went to a new Wishbone offense. Coach Dave Smith installed it before moving to SMU, but the Wishbone will be back. So will senior Quarterback Brent Blackman, one of the best in

the Midwest at its operation. In 1972 Blackman ran for 842 yards, including five touchdowns, and passed for 572, including six more scores. Against Missouri, with the clock running out on fourth and 28, he hit Split End Steve Pettes for a 54-yard scoring play and a 17-16 win. Blackman is an elusive runner, capable of 4.8 for the 40, and he is completely recovered after breaking a collarbone in the spring game.

Another returnee is the club's leading rusher, junior Fullback George Palmer, who gained 937 yards. Palmer averaged 4.8 yards a carry over the season, but returning Halfback Fountain Smith averaged an impressive 6.7 in gaining 610.

Four key players return on defense, including Linebacker Cleveland Vann, who was on the Associated Press All-Big Eight team. He was in on 122 tackles, 50 of them unassisted, six behind the line of scrimmage. He also deflected two passes and made three interceptions.

Safety Alvin Brown tied the Big Eight record of eight interceptions. He also deflected 13 passes and had 67 tackles. He can run 40 yards in 4.5 seconds, but then he hasn't got much to carry. The amazing Brown weighs only 162 pounds. No wonder they called the Cowboy secondary "Alvin and the Chipmunks."

Defensive Tackle Barry Price goes 238 and he hits more like a bear than a chipmunk. Six of his 52 tackles could be fumbles, and if he can control a notorious temper he should be even better.

So should his team.

20



## WASHINGTON STATE

Bert Clark used to say, "Washington State doesn't belong in the Pacific Eight." Fine, and who is Bert Clark? Well, he used to coach Washington State. And Bert Clark was right, too; Washington State did not belong in the Pacific Eight. WSU was the Brown of the West, the VMI of the North, the gimme on everybody's schedule.

Jim Sweeney says, "We've put together a superfeeling of togetherness and goal orientation." And who is Jim Sweeney? Well, he is the guy now coaching Washington State, and forgive him if he lacerates the language with an idiom that may be described as Billy Graham-jockstrap. Sprinkling "super" around like it was going into style, he got the woebegone Cougars up to 7-4 last year, and Super-Sweeney says it could have been 9-2 "if I had done a better job of coaching." Three years ago, when the Cougars had a

1-10 season (down from a heady 1-9 the year before), he told the "supergreat" alumni, "You need me more than I need you."

WSU runs out of a triple option called the Multiple Veer. It depends heavily on a versatile quarterback, and while WSU lost few to graduation, one was Quarterback Ty Paine, a three-year starter who holds many school records. Paine's understudy, Chuck Peck, is returning as heir apparent, but count on Mike Mitchell from Walla Walla Community College to start. Sweeney says that Mitchell has "superfoot quickness and can ad-lib real good." Formerly, this was known as scrambling.

Ken Grandberry, who will almost surely become WSU's alltime rusher early in the season, will be at tailback again, "superphysical." Andrew Jones moves up to start at fullback, and the Cougars are set with lettermen receivers. The offensive line, built around Center Geoff Reese and Guard Steve Ostermann, is loaded with "the kind of players who pull the trigger for you."

The defense got a lot of rest last year, while the offense hung onto the ball, but it is broad where a defense should be broad, quick where it should be quick.

Sweeney's main problem could be to keep the new Cougars believing that they are still the new Cougars if things start to crumble a little. In the first five weeks Washington State gets three bowl teams—Arizona State, Ohio State and USC—and then UCLA and Stanford. If the Cougars do not hold together for those, the whole season could be superfluous.

This will be Coach Ben Schwartzwalder's 25th year at Syracuse, and the nation's third-winningest active coach deserves a more suitable Silver Anniversary send-off than he will get. Last year was Ben's first losing season (5-6) since 1949 and this should be no better. None of his returning ballcarriers gained more than 275 yards in 1972, which will not help an offense that scored fewer points—or a defense that surrendered more—than any of Schwartzwalder's previous 23 teams.

West Virginia, 40-15 since leaving the weak Southern Conference in 1968, destroyed Syracuse 43-12 and has assumed whatever position of prestige Penn State has left room for in the East. The Mountaineers did lose 14 starters but retain a lot of offensive weaponry. Flanker Danny Buggs, appropriately nicknamed Lightning, caught eight touchdown passes, scored four more on reverses and returned two punts all the way to make good his impersonation of Heisman Trophy winner Johnny Rodgers. Sophomore Artie Owens, who scored 44 touchdowns as a Pennsylvania high school senior, and Frank Nester, who kicked six field goals against Villanova, will also light up the scoreboard.

In 1971 Sonny Werblin, former boss of the New York Jets and a Rutgers alumnus, prepared a report recommending that his alma mater adopt a policy "which will eventually enable Rutgers to take its proper place in intercollegiate athletics." Specifically, Werblin was upset about poor football recruiting, as evidenced by the fact that such favorite sons as Joe Thersmann, Ed Marinaro, Lydell Mitchell, Franco Harris, Jack Tatum and Rich Glover were all playing at schools other than the State University of New Jersey. No immediate action was taken, however, and when Rutgers won its last five games in 1972, the 7-4 finish appeared to have saved Coach John Bateman's job. It did not. He resigned. And now Frank Burns, an alumnus himself, had best win at least seven more to keep the old alma mater from looking foolish.

Boston College should be much improved over last year's 4-7 record. The Gary Marangi-to-Mel Briggs passing combination is alive and well, and Phil Bennett and Mike Esposito will push hard to better their combined 1,651 yards on the ground. Both Holy Cross and Colgate, which tied 21-21 and finished with identical 5-4-1 marks, will look to individuals for national recognition. In the Crusaders' case that player is Safety John Provost, who intercepted nine passes and blocked two punts and two extra points—one



of which saved the tie with Colgate. The Red Raiders' headliner is Tom Parr, who scored 12 touchdowns, threw for nine and has a good chance to break an unofficial NCAA record for career rushing by a quarterback. In two seasons Parr has stepped off 1,388 yards and at that pace he would surpass the 2,071-yard mark set by the immortal Rocky Long of New Mexico from 1969-71.

Johnny Majors, that young miracle worker now at Pittsburgh, could not have created more confusing excitement if he had dropped to the campus in a balloon. So drastic were his problems that Majors acted like the general manager of a baseball expansion team, inviting an unheard-of 150 players to try out this fall. A number of last year's players have quit the team amidst Majors' youth movement, so Pitt should field a very different Panther in 1973. Not a bad idea when you were 1-10.

Schools known primarily for basketball sometimes produce unusual football teams, and Villanova is a case in point. The Wildcats use a two-man defensive line with six linebackers, and they managed to lose nine games while matching the opposition in plays from scrimmage and average gain per play. Trouble was, the offense just couldn't get the ball in the basket—er, end zone. Villanova scored 60 points in its two victories, but was limited to one touchdown in eight other games. Wayne Hardin has guided Temple to three consecutive winning seasons—the first time that has happened since 1937 when Pop Warner was coach—but the three players responsible for a large majority of the Owls' 18 touchdowns have graduated.

Last year the three service academies all played each other for the first time, and the results were surprising. Air Force, which averaged 30 points a game and upset Arizona State, dropped both games; Navy split; Army won twice. All three return proven quarterbacks, and that should heat up the rivalry even more. No returning passer threw for more touchdowns (17) last year than the Falcons' exciting Rich Hayne, and personnel responsible for all but 21 Air Force points are back to fly with Hayne. Navy's tandem of Al Glenney and Fred Stuvek completed 61 passes to Bert Cailand alone and led the Midshipmen to new season records in total offense, total plays and first downs. In addition, Navy's first black star and 1,000-yard rusher, junior Tailback Cleveland Cooper, should shatter Joe Bellino's career record by midseason. Army, which somehow won six

*continued*





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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

games though outscored 160-282 (Nebraska and Penn State compiled an aggregate 122-7 on the Cadets), depends heavily on Quarterback Kingsley Fink and Co-captain Jim Ward, whose receptions beat Lehigh, Rutgers and Holy Cross. Again, none of the three teams is loaded on defense.

Some of the best college football in the country will be played in the Orange Bowl this fall. Sadly, most of it will be directed at—rather than supplied by—the Miami Hurricanes. Their schedule, the toughest in the nation, reads like a *Who's Who in College Football*: Texas, Boston College, Houston, West Virginia, Florida and Notre Dame visit Miami, and Florida State, Oklahoma, Syracuse, Army and Alabama lie in wait on the road. As recently as 1969 the Hurricanes outdrew the pro Dolphins, but attendance has sunk to pathetic levels in recent years, while the Super Bowl Champions now fill nearly all 80,010 Orange Bowl seats with season ticket-holders. However, a young mind with an old name, Pete Elliott, has Miamians interested enough to look up from their beach towels—and even the Dolphins are lending a helping fin. With no tickets of their own left to peddle, the Dolphins have sent out brochures picturing Elliott with Don Shula to their subscribers, urging them to support the Hurricanes. Middle Guard Tony Cristiani and giant Tackles Rubin Carter and Dennis Harrah will give Miami fans some talented collegians to cheer for.

Tampa, that quickly assembled little football factory with an enrollment of fewer than 2,000, has become a major college and will now try to lure some of those Notre Dames and Southern Cal's into its hometown, where the Spartans won eight of nine games last year. They have eight home games this year and may again win too many to hold onto a new coach, Dennis Fryzel. No less than four former Tampa head coaches and an assistant have become head coaches at larger schools in the last three years. Fryzel is pleased that Freddie Solomon is back to run the team with his 9.6 speed.

Junior college transfer Jim Stevens was forced into the Georgia Tech lineup when Quarterback Eddie McAshan quit the team in a racial dispute two days before the season finale against Georgia. Though Stevens was not very impressive against the Bulldogs, he tossed three touchdown passes in the Liberty Bowl and was named the most valuable player. Stevens can obviously throw, and legend has it that 5'9" Jim Robinson has never dropped anything he has touched. Robinson can further perfect those skills by practicing against Defensive Back Randy Rhano, who picked off eight enemy aerials and led the nation in punt returns. He scored a touchdown each way and as evidence of his speed and athletic ability led the Tech baseball team in stolen bases and hitting.

Virginia Tech and Florida State each dreaded graduation. The Gobblers lost the Strock brothers—passer Don and kicker Dave—who accounted for 171 of Tech's 307 points. Coach Charlie Colley naturally plans to switch to a running game and hopes Florida State will not foul up Tech's second straight unbeaten season at home. The Seminoles' pro donations included Gary Huff, who fired 23 scoring strikes, and Barry Smith, who grabbed 13 of them. Florida State's already adept ground game is ready to go on its own with Hodges Mitchell back after setting a single season yardage record amidst all the passing. South Caro-

lina Coach Paul Dietzel maintains that having great athletes was the secret of his "genius" at Louisiana State, but he has already let slip that "the year after this I may be a genius again." Followers who thought the school's resignation from the ACC would mean instant success on the gridiron do not cotton to that kind of preseason next-year talk.

At a glance, Marshall appeared to possess a fantastic pass defense a year ago, allowing only two touchdowns through the air. So who needed to pass when the Thundering Herd was being trampled by 30 touchdowns on the ground? No dummy when it comes to cultivating fan interest, Coach Jack Lengyel won the home opener and the last game of the season. A third successive 2-8 season seems unlikely with 18 starters returning to Huntington. Southern Mississippi did almost everything better than its opponents, and that includes fumbling—it lost 25 en route to a 3-7-1 finish. That may have happened to the Southerners, but Golden Eagles never drop anything, and the school's new nickname sits well with Running Back Dandy Doyle Orange.

The strange virus that caused Southern Mississippi's fumbleitis descended upon Northern Illinois in epidemic proportions. The Huskies dropped the ball an astonishing 60 times and lost it on 37 occasions. The guiltiest party was 232-pound Fullback Mark Kellar, who personally turned the ball over 10 times. Ironically, Kellar was also the source from which most of Northern's blessings flowed. He carried the ball 285 times, pounding his way to 1,316 yards and nine TDs. Five of Kellar's seven offensive linemen return as well as Flanker Byron Florence, who caught an 80-yard touchdown pass and finished second in the nation in kickoff returns.

Dayton's Ron Marciniak was an assistant to Alex Agase at Northwestern last year and then Purdue's defensive line coach under Agase as late as January. He had actually recruited Boilermaker players for a full month prior to becoming Dayton's 21st head football coach since 1905. He could use some of the talent he sent to West Lafayette. Tony Mason, another Purdue assistant, should be shocked by the discrepancy in talent at Cincinnati. He will still better the 2-9 finish that finished his predecessor, because Houston and Colorado are off the schedule, and Temple, Tulsa and Southwestern Louisiana are on. Xavier's Tim Dydo passed for 1,368 yards as the Musketeers improved their record to 3-8 after three one-victory seasons in succession. The trouble with being lousy is that no one wants to play you at home. Xavier doesn't have a game on its home field until November 3, and that makes it tough to get good.

Out West, Utah State is displaying quarterback withdrawal symptoms. Twice last year Tony Adams, drafted by the Chargers, threw five touchdown passes in a game. His season totals—204 of 351 for a .581 completion average, 2,797 yards, 22 touchdowns and only nine interceptions—would make great career statistics for most college quarterbacks. Phil Krueger, who returns to the Aggies as head coach after being an assistant back in 1963, is fortunate not to have to play Texas and Oklahoma as the Aggies did last year. With a decidedly weaker team in hand, Krueger may decide that mere possession of the Beehive Boot—symbolic of the state rivalry with Utah, Weber State and Brigham Young—is of greater importance.

CONTINUED

## THE CONFERENCES



**BIG EIGHT** Coach Al Onofrio turned a 1971 Missouri disaster (10 losses) into a 6-6 Tiger in 1972, and his biggest weapon was Greg Hill's foot. Hill's seven field goals were instrumental in the upsets of Notre Dame, Colorado and Iowa State. Tommy Reamon and Ray Bybee, who were the one-two rushers last year, and Bill Ziegler, a strong 205-pound junior, will help Hill with the offense this year, while the defense will have to adapt to an odd-man alignment, plus zone coverage. Earle Bruce, just in from a 10-2 season at Tampa, will try to keep his winning record intact at his new headquarters at Iowa State, whose Cyclones were 5-6-1 last year. Mike Strachan, Keith Krepple and Willie Jones are the big pluses. Strachan led the conference in rushing with 1,260 yards, Jones and Krepple combined with Split End Ike Harris for a total of 90 catches, 1,456 yards and 12 touchdowns. The big negative is little experience in the secondary and having to play in the Big Eight.

Out in the land of "Oz," Kansas University and Kansas State haven't yet found the end of their rainbow. Since Kansas went to the Orange Bowl in January of 1969, it has compiled a 14-29 record. Dave Jaynes, last year's leading passer in the Big Eight with a completion rate of .533%, will be throwing to Bruce Adams and handing off to Tailback Delvin Williams. Kansas State, on the other hand, has to oil its offense and give some courage to the defense. Coach Vince Gibson has said, "I built this program on toughness and discipline and that is the way I intend to bring it back."

But only the Wizard could do it this year.

**PACIFIC EIGHT** Stanford Coach Jack Christiansen's intrasquad analysis ranges from "hopeful" to "outstanding," which like a palm reader, is a way of telling fans, "I've got some good news and some bad news." The good could be borderline-terrible, like Running Back John Winesberry, who was slowed down and sidelined with knee and ankle maladies last season and needs "only to remain healthy" to put his 9.7 sprint speed and sticky fingers to use. The man who uses it best is 6'4" Quarterback Mike Boryla, the fourth-ranked passer in the nation in 1972 with 183 of 350 completed for 2,284 yards and 14 touchdowns. When Boryla connects or comes close, Rod Garcia, who contributed 10 field goals and 25 PATs, will be standing by. But Boryla was dumped for 295 yards last year, and the offensive line lost eight lettermen. Maybe that's good news—

Stanford also had the second-worst offensive rushing record in the conference—1,186 yards. The secondary, which led the conference in passing defense, welcomes back Randy Polt and five other veterans. If Stanford's bad outweighs the good, California might shine with any of three quarterbacks, particularly sophomore Vince Ferragamo, who flashed a last-second touchdown in mud to beat Stanford 24-21. However,

Cal's passing techniques gave up 32 interceptions, and the Bears are without Steve Sweeney's 52 catches for 13 touchdowns. Like so many in the PAC 8, Cal is counting on red-shirts and JC transfers to produce a winner. Oregon, with a potentially dynamite defense, could do it but probably will not. Despite the return of most of the Ducks' second-ranking passing defense, which yielded 118.9 yards per game, Oregon is lacking Quarterback Dan Fouts—and the Ducks finished 4-7 with him. Washington shows no signs of compensating for Sonny Siskiller's graduation, although solid defensive performances, specifically from junior Tackle Dave Pear, should be in order. Oregon State, using the pro I, has no one to institute it, and a lone veteran safety is all that remains of the 1972 defense.

**SOUTHEASTERN** Georgia returns with basically the same roster that went 7-4 last year, and the newcomers should be improvements over those departed. Even Coach Vince Dooley, the eternal pessimist, goes so far as to concede, "We will be a better football team." Much depends on whether Quarterback Andy Johnson, "the Unimpeachable," who was injured in last year's second game, will stay healthy to lead the offense.

Only Alabama beat LSU last year during the regular season, but this year Tiger Coach Charlie McClendon faces a monumental offensive rebuilding job. Most important, Bert Jones, LSU's first All-America quarterback, and Paul Lyons, his sidekick, must be replaced, and McClendon's only prospects are two juniors, Mike Miley and Billy Broussard, who have virtually no game experience.

Billy Kinard of Ole Miss is after the type of surprise season he had in 1971 (10-2) rather than the equally surprising one of last year (5-5), and he plans to rely on a lot of youngsters. He has one thing going for him: nobody expects Ole Miss to become Miss America this year. Mississippi State returns with 25 lettermen, but new Coach Bob Tyler is confronted with the major task of having to replace the entire

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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

Bulldog secondary. "I think we will be basically a passing team," says Tyler, "because we are just not strong enough to be a cloud of dust. We may need to throw two passes for every time we run the football." Tyler has an experienced quarterback in Rocky Felker plus Tailback Melvin Barkum, who shared the quarterback position last year.

With Steve Sloan, the former Alabama quarterback as coach, and 34 lettermen, Vanderbilt is hoping to rise from the 3-8 hole it dug itself last season. Sloan is short of depth, but the first units are experienced. Lack of depth was also what plagued Kentucky last year, but Coach Fran Curren, just in from Miami, has been living up to his reputation as a great recruiter. He has brought in new talent this year to bolster a good corps of returning regulars, including Defensive Back Darryl Bishop. In addition, the Wildcats move into a new 52,000-seat stadium, and there is nothing like a new home to kindle the spirit.

**BIG TEN** With Ohio State and Michigan a smart quincella bet to finish atop the conference standings for the fifth time in six years (and to produce a sixth straight Rose Bowl contestant), the other Big Ten schools have been forced to develop new traditions and rivalries of their own. One new tradition growing in popularity is replacing head coaches, and four more changes have been made in order to have a better go at Woody and Bo.

One change is at Michigan State, where Dennis Soliz takes over from Duffy Daugherty. The Spartans upset the Buckeyes a year ago, and their usual combative defense will be overseen by Safety Bill Simpson, a Bill Walton look-alike who scored on one of six interceptions, averaged 40.5 yards a punt and returned two enemy kicks for touchdowns.

Minnesota has brought in track man Rick Upchurch to run with Fullback John King (1,164 yards) and sophomore Doug Beaudoin, a pair that outgained Ohio State's Champ Henson and Archie Griffin last year. Upchurch scored five TDs and gained 214 yards in the spring game. Illinois excitement will emanate from Halfback Lonnie Perrin, who may be another Leroy Keyes. Perrin averaged 44 yards per carry as a sophomore, completed five passes for 226 yards and booted a 52-yard field goal. At Northwestern, new Coach John Pont will have Mitch Anderson, the only starting quarterback in the conference to complete 50% of his passes in 1972. Spring knee problems notwithstanding, he will sprint out this fall or hand off to 225-pound Tailback Greg Boykin.

Programs will get a workout at Purdue's Ross-Ade Stadium, where the conference mystery team will pray for the return of injured fifth-year stars Rack Schavietello and Steve Nurrenbern. However, the absence of proven talent should make Coach Alex Agase, just in from Northwestern, feel right at home. Fullback Mike Pruitt will help ease the loss of Otis Armstrong and 14 other starters, five of whom were taken in the first two rounds of the NFL draft.

Indiana's Lee Corso may be a bigger attraction than his team. Fans will come out to see the Hoosier jerseys (formerly crimson) that Corso brightened, the new white shoes and Corso's pregame warmup spectacular. Sadly, for IU fans, Defensive Back Quinn Buckner is expected to spend the fall indoors dribbling a basketball. Iowa sophomore Andre Jackson may again lead the Big Ten in tackles, if the

Hawkeye offense does not improve. Wisconsin was 12-18-2 with Rufus Ferguson. Without the Roadrunner the Badgers should seriously consider sating up Athletic Director Elroy (Crazylegs) Hareh.

**SOUTHWEST** All teams, as usual, fell into two categories last year—Texas and others. Can anyone prevent another Longhorn stampede?

Well, SMU might have an outside chance. Hayden Fry's successor, Dave Smith, has taken note of the team's exceptional running potential and junked the pro set for the Wishbone. Backs Alvin Maxson and Wayne Morris could make the offense devastating. In addition, the line defense from last year's 7-4 team returns five starters. Texas Tech will play a lot of Utahs, New Mexicos and Arizonas out of conference and therefore anticipates improvement from 8-4. Quarterback Joe Barnes has mastered the option and has a knack for stunning defenses with the big play. Tight End Andre Tillman returns totting All-America credentials. So does Halfback George Smith, who scored three touchdowns and was the MVP in the '72 Sun Bowl. Unfortunately, the Raiders meet Texas in Austin in their SWC opener.

Freshmen gained more than half of Texas A&M's yardage and scored more than half of the touchdowns. Yet this year the Aggies must depend on still another novice. Lacking a running quarterback, Coach Emory Bellard modified the Wishbone in spring practice. The effectiveness of the new "T-bone" depends on the potential of 6'2" freshman David Shipman and soph transfer Mike Jay. Shipman scored 23 TDs and passed for five more in leading Odessa Permian to the state schoolboy title.

Baylor was a surprising 5-6 last year, and "I think we'll be as good or better," says Coach Grant Teaff. So, too, is the list of Bear opponents, and .500 is optimistic. Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles must replace 14 starters from a Razorback edition that disappointed at 6-5, worst in Fayetteville in half a decade.

Rice's Al Conover threw a chair through a window, directed the band from his bench and even hired a hearse for players to symbolically bury their troubles. Amused or angered, the Owls awoke to 5-5-1. But Quarterback Bruce Gadd and the better part of both lines have departed. Rice fans can watch for more chairs, etc. At Texas Christian five new offensive linemen will be baptized by fire.

**ATLANTIC COAST** North Carolina has won 15 straight ACC games, and Coach Bill Dooley has no reason to hang down his head now. In fact, given their easier outside schedule, the Tar Heels are better able to concentrate on a third straight title than favored N.C. State. Dooley lost six All-ACC performers, but he was deeper than the Deep South in competent subs last year. Quarterback Nick Vidnovic, who would rather run but led the ACC with 10 touchdown passes anyway, returns with seven of nine top rushers and six of seven receivers, including long-ball threat Earle Bethea. The defense, while thin, will rally nicely around All-ACC Linebacker Jimmy DeRatt.

Maryland and Duke represent other challengers, with the Terps the more viable threat. The Terrapins are the league's most improved team, boasting a defense that went from last in 1971 to first in 1972, thanks largely to Guard Paul

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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

Vellano (6'3", 240 pounds). Kicking specialist Steve Mike-Mayer accounted for 55 points last year on the most prolific Terp offense since 1954. Duke will miss conference MVP Steve Jones at tailback, but the defense is a big Blue Devil.

The defense at Virginia returns nine starters, but the Cavs need a passing quarterback to complement the running of Kent Merritt. Harrison Davis or Scott Gardner are in line for the job.

Clemson's rookie Coach Red Parker plans to run more, but has a shortage of quality people to do so, while Wake Forest's new coach, Chuck Mills from Utah State, insists the Deacons will throw more, but lacks a Tony Adams-type passer to do that. Which is why both should finish at the bottom of the ACC.

**PCAA** Pass-happy San Diego State won 10 of 11 games and the conference championship last fall. Under new Coach Claude Gilbert, who succeeds Don Coryell (now of the St. Louis Cardinals), the goals are the same, but the methods will be modified. Quarterback Jesse Frijas will still have plenty of opportunity to throw—"about 25 times a game," says Gilbert—but the Houston Veer should make the attack more versatile.

University of the Pacific went to the Veer last year and finished 8-3, its best record since 1949. The offense rushed for 265 yards a game while shunning the pass almost entirely. Coach Chester Caddas must now choose between Bruce Kepfinger, who guided the Veer, or Carlos Brown, who sat out last season with an injury after passing for 1,600 yards in 1971. Larry Bailey, a 6'6", 250-pound tackle, leads a defense that was fifth best in the country against the rush.

Long Beach State, slumped to 5-6 last fall, its worst record in four years. A lot of junior college transfers and red-shirts could make things more tolerable but the schedule has the 49ers prospecting on the road in eight of their games. San Jose State lost to Fresno State last season, but it avenged the defeat by luring the Bulldogs' coach, Darryl Rogers. The Spartans were only 4-7 in 1972 and, if nothing else, Rogers promises a wide-ranging running game to complement the passing of Quarterback Craig Kamball. J. R. Boone is the new coach at Fresno State which has been elevated to university-division status.

**WESTERN** Stopping the Normal School for the Territory of Arizona—Arizona State—will be abnormally difficult. One of those having a go at it will be Utah, whose Quarterback Don Van Galder was the conference offensive MVP with 1,425 yards and 15 touchdown passes. The streak pursuing many of his passes will be Steve Odom, a 9.4 sprinter who averaged 22.1 yards on 30 receptions and 24 yards on 41 kickoff returns. Brigham Young seemed like a sure thing last season—a sure thing for seventh or eighth place. But the Cougars tied Utah for second. For his magic act this time, Coach LaVell Edwards must uncover three defensive backs, pull some receivers out of a canyon and turn someone into a tailback. On hand will be Quarterback Dave Terry (51%), accuracy last year), pass-stealing Cornerback Dave Atkinson and Defensive Tackle Paul Linford.

New Mexico Coach Rudy Feldman is as excited as a kid who has found the cookie jar. The reason: Don Woods of New Mexico Highlands led the NAIA in total offense and

when that school dropped football, he was immediately eligible to play elsewhere. Because Woods is both a nimble runner and nifty passer, Feldman is pulling apart his Wishbone and putting together an offense he has labeled the Halfbone. Feldman also has Fullback Rich Diller, a two-year 4.9-yard rusher. Arizona has a new image: fresh out of a package are Coach Jim Young, the uniforms and the option-oriented offense. Young should age considerably, though he will delight in Linebacker Ransom Terrell and "T" Bell, a quick flanker.

Colorado State's Sark Arslanian was Armenian coach of the year in 1965 and 1969 and, sequentially, is due in 1973. At best, he is a long shot. He insists, "We put some new wrinkles in our offense which the kids picked up real well." That's nice. But the defense is still wrinkled from yielding 37.5 points a game. Those were euphemisms that new Texas-El Paso Coach Tommy Hudspeth uttered about his boys' "good attitude" and their willingness "to work, hustle and hit people." All he must do is replace his quarterback, his five leading running backs and plug up a defense that gave up 419 yards a game. Only two starters are back from Wyoming's offensive line, so Quarterback Steve Cockreham and Tailback Charlie Shaw will have to do a lot of ducking and scrambling.

**MISSOURI VALLEY** West Texas State, Louisville and Drake shared first place last season, and chances are these three will scramble for the top again. West Texas returns a herd of rushers, its two leading passers and its five best receivers, and if the Buffaloes can bolster their defense they could be by themselves. In recent years the team has had some thumping runners—Mercury Morris, Duane Thomas and Rocky Thompson. But none combined the size and speed of Billy Pritchett, who is 6'4", 245 pounds and has 9.8 speed. Drake will be no cupcake, not with runners like Jerry Heston (2,647 yards and 44 touchdowns in three years) and Jim O'Connor (742 yards at a 4.7-yard clip last season). But to go all the way the Bulldogs will need improved passing. Having lost Howard Stevens, the only collegian to rush for 5,000 yards, is merely part of Louisville's woes. Almost all the receivers and backs are newcomers, and so is Coach T. W. Alley. But the offensive line is excellent, and the defense, built around superior Tackles Richard Bishop and Marty Smith, is sturdy.

Says Memphis State Coach Fred Pancoast, "Rebuild? As long as I'm head coach, I'll never use *that* word." Using *that* word he added, "A coach is not paid to rebuild. He is paid to build." Aiding him in his nonrebuilding are 39 lettermen, 16 of them starters. There will be crunching runs by Ornell Harris, Clifton Taylor and Dan Darby, and if David Fowler's tosses find waiting hands the Tigers could well nudge aside last year's top three. Adversity, it is felt at Wichita State, has helped mold a fine team and will make this the Golden Season. There is no denying the Shockers' progress—they were 6-5 last year after having been 3-8 and 0-9. Among the finest are Rick Dvorak, 235 pounds of wall-opping tackle, and Johnny Potts, who won four games last year with field goals.

New Mexico State will be led by Joe Pisarcik, who according to NCAA figures is the second leading passer returning to college. Last season his 182 completions netted

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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL. *continued*

2,179 yards. Defensive Back Danny Colbert is Tulsa's pride, but unless the offense adds some zip there will be little joy. After losing five of six games last fall, Tulsa installed Athletic Director F. A. Dry as coach. Displaying the Dry Look, the Hurricanes won three of their final four outings, even handing Louisville its lone loss. Dry will be back, but it is likely this year's team may have a High and Dry Look. North Texas State will have the Fry Look, having hired former SMU Coach Hayden Fry to retool a 1-10 squad.

**IVY LEAGUE** Old Ivy is the Master of the Last Weekend, and Dartmouth its champion. In 1972 Yale, Penn and Dartmouth entered the final Saturday with a shot at the title, but when it was over there was Dartmouth again, beating Penn 31-17 for a fourth straight championship. But graduation has cost the Indians 15 starters, and All-Ivy Hall-back Rick Klupehak is the only Big Green gamebreaker.

No wonder then that Cornell, Penn and Yale anticipate this autumn with delight. Cornell possesses what would normally be considered Dartmouthian experience and balance, but must overcome a lack of explosiveness as well as put to rest the minor racial problems that plagued its athletic winter. Yale and Penn have two of the league's most exciting players. Eli Quarterback Tom Doyle showed heart and speed in the 45-14 humiliation of Dartmouth a year ago. And Penn's Adolph (Beep Beep) Bellzere raced for 849 yards and 11 touchdowns in his first varsity season.

Brown has a new coach, John Anderson, 32 lettermen and Halfback Hubie Morgan, up from the undefeated freshmen. Harvard plans a ball-control offense to accommodate graduation losses, but the defense remains unaccommodated. Princeton is coming to grips with mediocrity and could challenge Columbia for the cellar.

Cornell meets Penn Nov. 24, and that should establish this year's King of the Last Weekend. That is, unless both teams have already been Greened.

**MID-AMERICAN** Having done an Avis the past two seasons, Bowling Green is now ready to put itself in the driver's seat. In their opening game a year ago the Falcons took the scam out of Purdue's Bodenmakers 17-14. One reason the Falcons seldom reached such heights again was because 5'11" Quarterbacks Reid Lampert and Joe Babes had trouble seeing over tall defensive linemen. Falcon quarterbacks completed a mere 35% of their tosses last year, but Coach Don Nehlen has tried to improve their downfield vision, if not their height. Most of the considerable offensive thrust, however, will come from Tailback Paul Miles (second in the MAC in rushing with 1,024 yards) and Fullback Phil Polak (third with 783 yards). Further solidity will be obtained from a defense that ranked 10th in the nation. The main blocks in that wall will be Linebackers John Villapiano and Joe Russell, Tackle Tom Hall, End Tom Fisher (he sacked runners for 17 losses and eight fumbles) and a reliable secondary.

Kent State, winner of its first MAC title last year, will be hard to unseat if its offensive line can be rebuilt with quality. Capable Greg Kokal will throw frequently to Gary Pinkel, Eddie Woodard and Gerald Tinker, Olympic 400-meter relay gold medalist. Tinker led the conference by averaging 14 yards on 19 punt returns. Also on hand will

be the MAC's outstanding defensive player, Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert.

Perched on the perimeter of the race will be Ohio, possessor of some bright and twinkling talent that could lead the Bobcats into contention. Quarterback Rich Bevil will steer an offense that could be vibrant if Tailbacks Bill Gary and Tim Worner remain healthy. Miami's go-power will come from 5'10", 205-pound Bob Hitchens, who last year led the country in rushes (326) and was second in yardage (1,370). Western Michigan's front four last year averaged 239 pounds and helped the Broncos build the second-best rushing defense in the land. The new front four, however, weighs in at just 212. Since winning 35 in a row from 1969 through 1971, Toledo's Rockets have fizzled. They could move up this time if they find a passer who can ring up some points for the experienced defense to protect. Trouble is, there is no letterman available at quarterback, so Toledo may end up Rocketless.

**SOUTHERN** To defend its title, East Carolina will rely on Wild Dogs and Carlester Crumpler. There will be others to help out, but the most notorious of the Pirates will be their defensive unit—the Wild Dogs—and Crumpler, a tailback who does to tacklers just what his name implies. Crumpler, the conference's athlete of the year, is 6'5" and 220 pounds of locomotion who last season gained 1,330 yards and scored 17 times. The Pirates of a year ago averaged nearly 400 yards a game on offense and will again be quarterbacked by Carl Summerell. As for those Wild Dogs, they will be led by Danny Kephley, a 6-foot, 200-pound junior linebacker.

Should the Pirates be chained, William and Mary lurks in the background. Well, at least William does—Quarterback William Deery, that is. There is no Mary, not even in these days of fem lib. There are some nifty players though: Doug Gerhart and Terry Regan (they combined for 1,032 yards last season) and Center Joe Montgomery. Richmond Coach Frank Jones may have caused a few heads to spin when he referred to his team as "probably the most physical I've had here." Opposing coaches were much happier to hear Jones return to form by adding, "I'm particularly worried about the offensive line, strengthening the defensive secondary and our depth at all positions." One player Jones won't have to worry about is Barty Smith, a 6'3", 235-pound fullback who was the league's top blocker last year.

VMF's faint hopes rest on the passing combination of Quarterback Tom Schultze (120 completions for 1,728 yards) and Ronnie Moore (40 catches for 673 yards). An even more proficient catcher was Walk Walker of Davidson, who latched onto 62 throws for 1,031 yards. At Furman the offense will be built around the running of Penny Griffin, who picked up an average of 4.9 yards a try in 1972, and the defense will count heavily on Linebackers Keith Downey, Bill Anderson and Bayless Biles. Coach Bob Ross of The Citadel may have said it all when he surveyed his troops and stated that his offensive line "doesn't have any real size," his offensive backs are "very inexperienced," his defensive ends are "a real question mark" and his kicking game "could be our biggest question mark." The defensive line, at least, has the experience to help answer some questions.

END

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## Vida's down with the growing-up blues

The Oakland lefty's winning ways have returned on the mound where he has used mind and muscle to help the A's to the top. But off the field, he has turned coy as he tries to cope with his renewed acclaim

Now he is so painfully aware of his vulnerability that his defenses are never down. He takes refuge in outrageous clichés, in parody and in a technique much favored by the young: the put-on. Vida Blue, a star pitcher once again with the Oakland A's, does not seem to be enjoying his own comeback. It is a pity, for he is having a good one.

Blue won only six games and lost 10 in 1972, a season mortally wounded by a protracted holdout that cost him his physical condition, his pride and his popularity. He already has 15 victories this year, and until the Red Sox defeated him last week in Oakland, he had won six in succession and completed four straight starts. That streak was an important contribution to an August run by the A's in which they won 13 of 14 games and pulled five games ahead of Kansas City in the American League West. The new Blue is also considered to be a much smarter pitcher than he was two years ago, when he won 24 games, led the American League in earned run average and was both its Cy Young Award winner and its M.V.P.

"In the first part of 1971 Vida was overpowering everybody," said Sal Bando, the A's fine third baseman and team captain. "Now he is overmatching them. He found out that you can't throw the fastball for 300 innings. He has learned that he can get people out without throwing hard all the time. That gives him an extra advantage when he needs it because he still has the super fastball."

"We've got him throwing a changeup and a hard breaking ball," said A's Pitching Coach Wes Stock. "Vida's made up his mind he wants to be a good pitcher. Eighty percent of pitching is determination and he has all the determination in the world. He wants to prove that he's as good as he ever was."

If this is his intention, he hides it well.

"I'm not trying to prove anything," he will say mildly, precipitating a bromide torrent. "I'm just trying to do my job. I just keep pitching, win, lose or draw."

Obviously Blue is not wearing his fame comfortably these days. At 22 he was the biggest box-office attraction in the American League, an electrifying performer so beloved by fans that he could draw capacity crowds even in Oakland, where the response to the A's has been as cool as the summer evenings. At 23 he was a has-been, athletically old beyond his years. He had asked for a \$75,000 raise in salary and he became for some an object lesson on the evils of greed. His fall was

as spectacular and sudden as his rise. Blue sulked his way through 1972, grimly hoarding his privacy, barely speaking when spoken to.

"Vida tried very hard to be an s.o.b., but he's really too nice a kid to bring it off," said one member of the A's organization after last season.

It is difficult to determine what he is trying to be this year. A standup comic, perhaps.

"Awright, you ask me the question," he said last week, opening a familiar routine. "O.K., the question is, 'Why am I so much better this year than last?' Well, my answer is that I've got my leprechauns."

ROBERT



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## BASEBALL *continues*

my rabbit-foot and my four-leaf clover. I'm just lucky, that's all. Plain lucky."

Blue is lucky indeed to have as a confidant a teammate whose career closely paralleled his own. In 1969 Reggie Jackson was the game's newest home run hero then he too lost a long contract argument with the intractable Charles O. Finley. He played the 1970 season with hurt feelings and his home run production slumped from 47 to 23. His batting average fell from .275 to .237.

Now Jackson has come all the way back. He is the American League's most feared hitter, its leader in home runs, RBIs and runs scored. He will also probably be its Most Valuable Player. At 27 he has become a mature and thoughtful man.

"I know what Vida is going through," Jackson said last week. "I've been there myself. I was too young to handle everything that happened to me and so is he. It's only human to doubt yourself, but when you're mad at yourself, you're mad at the world. What Vida has on his side is time. He's got plenty of time and that's a great thing to have."

Time has not lessened the excitement Blue generates when he pitches, although with his enlarged repertoire he does not throw that hopping fastball nearly as often. He still jogs out to his position and he still works with quick efficiency, throwing his left-handed darts out of a fluid, high-kicking motion. Where once he simply aimed and fired, now he spots his pitches inside and out, confusing the hitters instead of frightening them as he once did.

He was more his 1972 than his 1973 self in a twilight game last week against Boston. He gave up five runs and seven hits—including a triple and a home run—before Manager Dick Williams removed him with two out in the second inning. He watched his teammates bat in their half of the inning, then quietly repaired to the clubhouse. He seemed unruffled by the experience. The day before he had said, "Baseball stays here at the hall park. When the last man is out, I'm a civilian again. I'm back to real life. When I leave here, I'm not Vida Blue, No. 14. I'm Vida Blue period."

It seemed a reasonable approach, but would it work for a pitcher who had just been knocked out of the box in the second inning? Apparently it could, for Blue was perfectly composed. No ranting, no furniture-thumping. He seemed intent

*continued*

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upon transforming himself into Vida Blue Period as quickly as possible.

He is muscular and broad-shouldered, heavier by at least 10 pounds than he was in his glory year, but he has a boyish face that works as a mask in the mocking game he plays with strangers.

"You ask what's different about me. The answer is I'm older. Maybe I'm getting too old," he said.

He removed his undershirt and started unwrapping the tape around his socks.

"What happened tonight is what happens when your luck runs out. I pitched the same way as I did in my last start against the Yankees when I had a shut-out. I was lucky then. I was unlucky tonight. It's as simple as that. Now I'm gonna take a nice long shower and go home and get a good night's sleep."

He paused for a moment, decoding finally to answer an earlier question.

"You ask about fame. Well, what I don't like about it is all the baloney you have to put up with. Some guys can put up with it. Me, I'm just not man enough to take it."

A man who can say that about himself may be more of a man than he thinks he is. Vida Blue is growing up.

## THE WEEK

May 27-June 1

by GWILYM S. BROWN

## AL EAST

In the opinion of Texas Manager Whitney Herzog, pitchers ought to pay for the pleasure of pitching for Baltimore, specifically because the Orioles defense is so larcenous. The night Baltimore dispatched Texas 6-1, stretching the American League's longest winning streak in 13 years to 14 games, Herzog was dazed with admiration. "They only took five doubles and a single away from us," he said. "I hate to get my butt beat, but I enjoyed watching that game."

The Baltimore win streak ended the next night when Ranger batters discovered an Oriole who could not field. Reliever Bob Reynolds. He bangled two bunts to set up the Rangers insurance run in their 5-3 victory.

While the Orioles flew swiftly off toward a division championship, sagging Boston recovered most of its excitement from Pitcher Bill Lee. Incensed that League President Joe Cronin fired Texas Pitcher Jim Merritt for admitting that he throws a splitter, Lee

*continued*

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## BASEBALL

charged Cronin with hypocrisy. "This is absolutely ridiculous," he fumed. "More than half the pitchers in the league throw spitballs. Me, too. I threw one to Tony Taylor in Detroit and he hit it into the upper deck."

Of the East's six teams, all but Baltimore and surprising Milwaukee floundered. The Brewers moved back within one game of the 500 mark and passed one million in attendance for the first time in their four-year existence. New York dropped right straight before Mel Sotomayor defeated Baltimore 5-2. Detroit lost six of seven games, and Manager Billy Martin. Martin was suspended for three days by Cronin for ordering his pitchers to throw wet ones—and then fired. Cleveland stayed right where it was, wallowing in last place and red ink. A \$1 million loss is projected for the Indians this year.

BALT 74-54 BOS 72-62 DET 71-84  
NY 69-86 MIL 68-67 CLE 57-96

**AL WEST** Oakland headed for a weekend visit to Kansas City with a streak of 14 wins in 17 games and a near lock on the division championship. Kansas City certainly did not appear to have any key of its own. The Royals were returning home from a depressing road trip in which even their lone win in five games was a 3-2 gift from Cleveland. Manager Jack McKeon was forced to reach back to Greenville, Ala. in 1949, his first year in organized baseball, for winning inspiration. "We were six games out of first with 12 to play that year. We won all 12 and then took the pennant in a playoff," he recalled wistfully.

California is not going anywhere either, but Angel Pitcher Nolan Ryan might be. In one game last week he came within inches of becoming the first pitcher ever to throw three no-hitters in one season. In the first inning of his one-hat, 5-0 victory over New York, Ryan jammed Yankee Catcher Thurman Munson with an inside pitch. Munson hooped a feeble pop fly into short center that fell in for the Yanks' only hit of the game.

Chicago won five of six games and inched up on third-place Minnesota, even though the Twins had a solid 4-2 record. In one game against last-place Texas, the Twins bombed four Ranger pitchers for 11 runs and 19 hits, three of them by Rod Carew, who raised his league-leading average to .354.

OAK 70-54 KC 74-60 MINN 64-60  
CHI 64-70 CAL 61-68 TEX 60-67

**NL EAST** The East is the division of the common man, where everyone has a chance to reach the top, including last-place Philadelphia, which is only six games out of first. Last week New York had the most wins, taking four of six games and soaring up to fifth place.

St. Louis, 3-1 for the week, clung to a one-

continued



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## BASEBALL (continued)

game lead but is having severe difficulties with left-handed pitchers. The Cards' record against lefties is 19-30. In a series opener against the Mets, they did not exactly go heroic against righthander Tom Seaver. They finally beat him 1-0 in the 10th inning. The following night they lost 6-4 in 10 innings to the Mets and lefties Ray Sadecki and Tim McGraw.

The Pirates moved closer to becoming the only team besides St. Louis to achieve a winning season's record by zapping the Chicago Cubs 7-0, 5-2 in a two-night doubleheader. Until then, the Cubs had had high hopes for their critical series at Pittsburgh. Their optimism died as Third Baseman Ron Santo struck out, hit into a double play and made a three-run throwing error in the first game.

In Montreal attendance is picking up and the Expos may be headed for a new gate record. And for two good reasons. Pitcher Steve Rogers, who won two games including a three-hit shutout at Los Angeles, and Outfielder Kenay Singleton, who has lashed out 21 hits in his last 39 at bats.

ST. L 68-62 PIT 62-55 CHI 64-52  
MONT 62-70 NY 62-71 PHIL 62-72

**NL WEST** The Dodgers ended the week with a 3-2 loss to Houston and a three-game lead over second-place Cincinnati, but they may have lost something quite a bit more vital the night before while defeating the Astros 6-5. One of Los Angeles' few experienced hitters, Willie Davis, strained knee ligaments and will be out of action for a week, possibly missing a critical series in San Francisco.

Cincinnati came up with another precocious youngster in 23-year-old Ken Griffey, an outfielder just proffeted from Indianapolis. Griffey broke in with a bang. He rapped nine hits in his first 16 at bats as the Reds won three of four games.

In the rest of the West, the news was not the best. The Giants won only two of five and fell 8½ games back. Despite a month-long win over the Dodgers, Houston lost four of its six games, and in Atlanta all that is left to cheer about are home runs. Major league leader Dave Johnson hit Nos. 16 and 37, including a grand slam that helped beat Pittsburgh 8-6. Henry Aaron hit one against the Chicago Cubs, No. 33 of the season and 706 lifetime. He is now eight behind the Ruthian record. It may be hard to figure out why anyone wants them, but San Diego city attorney John Witt filed a \$12 million breach of contract suit against the Padres—and just about everyone else in the National League in connection with the team's proposed move to Washington.

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America expects every star first baseman to be a Figure, a man whose nature lodges firmly in the mind of the fan. The Iron Horse. Stretch McCovey. Bubbly Ernie Banks. Crazy Joe Pepitone. Chicago White Sox First Baseman Dick (or Richie) Allen's public image, currently in a state of transition, might comprise all four of the above—with overtones of Duane Thomas for inscrutability, Bill (or Willie) Hartack for first-name sensitivity, Jim Brown for not taking anything off anybody, and Will Rogers for homespun quotes. (Of artificial turf Allen once said, "If a horse can't cut it, I don't want to play on it.")

This season Allen might have clarified that confusing picture. With the Sox he was free to do things his way and he was leading them toward a championship in the American League West. Then in June he broke his leg while giving beyond the call of duty on the field. Allen brooded, circulated gimpily on high heels and played Willie Ball with his agent. The Sox collapsed. Two weeks ago it was announced that Allen definitely would play no more this season. It was as painful a turn for the Sox as it was for their first baseman. At the same time, it marked a rare moment of quiet in Allen's stormy career, a good occasion to examine the phenomenon.

He is a triangular-torsoed, naturally heavy-lidded, deep-eyed, preternaturally strong man with an Afro, muttonchops and a mustache. Allen wears gold-rimmed glasses, which he says is the main reason people recognize him around Chicago. "Don't you know all us brothers look alike?" he says. "Why you think it's so hard for a black man to get a credit card?" He sometimes breaks into a dramatic wide-mouthed smile and a laugh that is a cross between a sigh and a rumble, but he smokes too much and often appears pent-up and too intense.

Allen is a man who would like to pare life down to certain essentials but finds it hard. His financial adviser, Mel Leshinsky, is determined to "get an organizational structure around Dick that we can work with and try to control." There are easier projects; Allen is not a great one for getting to business meetings on time. One thing Leshinsky has in the works is a series of furniture-store ads posing Allen in a "Room of Fame" surrounded by the décor of his choice. continued

## SWINGING IN HIS OWN GROOVE

*When Dick Allen crashed, so did the White Sox, which tells a lot about this talented eccentric who says only his image has changed* **by ROY BLOUNT Jr.**

Allen will get to keep the furniture, which is fortunate since the two-bedroom Chicago apartment that he calls "the flat," and where he and his roommate-brother Hank are living while Dick's three-story brick town house is under construction, is almost devoid of it. The flat is currently fitted out with a couch, a waterbed, a quadraphonic sound system and a refrigerator with its freezing compartment so heavily frosted over that it will not close. There is one tremendous lamp, the base of which is a bronze-colored crumpled-looking maiden in long robes, and a smaller table model with a girl on it whose clothes disappear when the lamp is turned on. Thumbtacked to one wall is a sequence of pictures of Allen hitting a home run and another of his mother watching him do it.

"I don't need much," Allen says. "A bed to lay my head on. Something to feed my belly. A nice bathroom. And maybe a mirror to comb my hair. This place is close to the liquor store, the dry cleaners and the track and stables. The stables are my beach. My mother came to visit me and said she wanted to cry. She said I wasn't living."

Allen's marriage of 11 years is finished. "At least, it's through as far as I'm concerned, and that's what counts," he says. He only occasionally pops in on his sons Doobie and Buttons, his daughter Tern and their mother Barbara, who for the time being reside on the farm he owns near Allentown, Pa., where he plans to raise and train racehorses full time when he retires. He does not plan to live with a woman there, just horses. He does not see how a full-time woman can do him any good.

"Baseball wrecked my home," Allen says. "You don't get a chance to be at home. That can be grinding on a guy."

"I can't do anything domestically for myself. When I had a filly in the barn I'd eat twice a day. Shrimp or crab cocktail, soup, salad, large steak, glass of milk. Now I eat when I can. A whole year of sandwiches, sandwiches, sandwiches."

It is early in the season and Allen is relaxing in the flat, sharing some bottled sangria, winding down from a day game with the Angels, during which California fireballer Nolan Ryan vexed him by trying to "hide" behind breaking pitches. "Every time that sunbuck throws a curve I lose a little respect for him," says Allen. "He ought to go Smoke, Smoke,

Smoke, Smoke: O K. I got a good curve, here it is, ping: Smoke, Smoke, Smoke."

Then Dick wanders off to the subject of being the designated hitter "I can't take it," he says. "You hit, it's over, sit down. You get stiff, you run in the tunnel to get loose. You smoke cigarette after cigarette, drink 19 cups of coffee. Get your heart beating again, hit again, sit back down. . . ."

When not batting he would rather be at first, losing himself in the game and distracting runners. "I talk to everybody. 'How you doing, how many kids you got? Oh, two girls and . . . HEY [Allen the raconteur dives across the carpet, doing his impression of a runner picked off through inattention] damn it, Richie!'"

It is too bad he does not do an opening monologue along these lines on his local two-hour TV talk show. He is good at chatting with sports guests on camera when he is in the mood, but he is even better at filling his living room with an evocation of what it is like to play ball. He jumps around, slipping in and out of

the past, the present, different cities, the pitcher's mind and his own. He swings an imaginary bat hard and throws in the necessary sound effects.

"Yeah, I try to go down the line when I'm on base, distract the pitcher, but you got to know when to do it. Not like when Pat Kelly used to get on." Allen drops into an impeccable radio announcer's voice as he talks about his base-stealing teammate. "Joe Blow starts his wind-up. He comes set. He throws over to first, Kelly's back."

"Meantime, I'm waiting to *hit*. Joe Blow don't want to bring it to me!"

"He comes set. It's an idle toss to first base, Kelly's back!"

"Meantime I'm at the plate" Allen, the hitter, is agitated, coiled, waiting to explode. The broadcaster oozes on.

"He comes set. We'll pause in the action a few moments while Joe Blow throws over to first and Kelly's back."

"Meantime I'm waiting to *hit*."

That is the kind of thing Allen hates, having things come between him and his



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BOOTS JR.

cuts. He prefers the problem of hitting against a man such as Bob Gibson. Allen goes into a pumping, kicking wind-up. "A man like Gibson, he says, 'All right big guy, here it is. Pschhoo!' He's challenging you. Pschhoo! Why hold on to the ball? Why sneak it in? That's not what the good dudes do—Koufax, Gibson. 'Here's the heat,' they say. 'Here, you want me? Pschhoo!'"

Any hitter who sincerely wants a piece of Sandy Koufax or Bob Gibson is a man any team ought to want, appreciate and turn loose to do his thing. That is how Allen sees it, and any hedging on that proposition gets him down.

"I don't use the strike zone much," he says. "I'm looking for something to hammer. I don't have time to argue whether the pitch was two inches either way. Besides, that sumbuck in blue back there has more problems than I do."

"When I first see a pitcher I'm looking inside. Fight that hard stuff to right field, and the moment he comes in with that soft stuff, CLICK, pull it to left. If

he can keep putting the ball on that outside corner, fine. I'll take five or six strikeouts until I understand the pitcher. Then if I see this guy can keep putting the ball there, I'll start looking outside, going to right. Then if he does come inside I can still come around on it."

It is possible to draw an analogy to life: Allen wants everybody to be straight with him, to come in with their hard stuff. He wants everybody to want him as simply as he and Gibson want each other. He is set up to handle life that way—looking inside.

When pitchers get shifty, trying to nip the outside corner, he disapproves but will adjust, grumbling all the while about pitchers who "want to fool everybody." But he cannot adjust to deviousness and compromise off the field.

During the first eight years of his career Allen was noted mainly for hitting preposterously long home runs, eschewing batting practice, drinking before games rather than just afterward and not being

punctual for buses and planes. Allen established himself as one of the game's top hitters and was with four teams in as many years. He wrote dismissive notes to his general manager in the base-path dirt with his foot! What kind of man would do a thing like that? And why didn't anybody think of it before?

Then, in the winter of '71, Allen was traded to the White Sox. He became the rock on which their sudden resurgence was built and the Most Valuable Player in the American League. Vida Blue, Reggie Jackson, Alex Johnson, Joe Pepitone, Denny McLain have all pitted their natures against the system and been put down. Allen alone has come through as a confirmed team-carrying hero, on his own idiosyncratic terms. He shows up at the park a couple of hours later than his teammates. He takes no more part in pregame warmups than he wants to, which isn't much. He travels separately. The city of Al Capone and Richard Daley has put him, in the words of a writer who covers the Sox, "on a pedestal."

Allen is the first black man, and indeed the only contemporary man of any color, to assert himself in baseball with something like the unaccommodating force of Muhammad Ali in boxing, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar in basketball and Jim Brown in football. He is perhaps the best all-round player in the game today; he is certainly the most independent and highest paid. How can such an imposing figure have remained so ill-defined?

Allen himself feels no call to be fully explicable. "Nobody can say they know me, or what I will do," he says. "If I ever am trying to keep up an image, and something I want to do comes up, I'll say lose the image." But that does not mean he is an unknown quantity or hasn't gotten himself together. "The man is undaunted," says Reggie Jackson. "He is the epitome of poise."

Tailors must find it hard to believe that all of Allen's measurements belong to the same individual: jacket size 42, sleeve length 35, trouser length 32, waistline 31. From the waist up he is a defensive end, from the waist down a wide receiver. The only three active players who sometimes hit the ball as hard as he does—San Francisco's McCovey, Pittsburgh's Willie Stargell and Detroit's Frank Howard—are four to eight inches taller, 20 to 60 pounds heavier and incalculably slower than the 5' 11", 190-pound Allen, whom

Continued



*His leg twice fractured in a cartwheeling collision at first, Allen convalesced on the Pennsylvania farm where he plans to raise thoroughbreds when he retires.*



some opponents call the best base runner in either league.

Other hitters use a 32- to 34-ounce bat that they can whip around, or maybe a 38-ouncer that they choke up on and shove out into the path of the ball. Allen's bat looks big enough to walk to the plate and hit a single by itself—it weighs 40 to 42 ounces—and he holds it right down on the end.

Some hitters are loosey-goosey at the plate, some coiled tight. Allen, standing right-handed, shifting his weight from foot to foot under the slightly bobbing head of his huge vertical bat, is both. Uncomposed, moving within his stance like heavy liquid in a glass that has just been set down, he is getting ready to reach way back into the depths of his wheelhouse, as they call it, for the baseball ultimate in foot-pounds per instant. Allen once hit five center-field home runs in five days, the shortest of which went 430 feet. He has hit home runs estimated at up to 600 feet. Off-balance, he once hit a low changeup 500 feet.

"I saw him hit a line drive into the second deck at Busch Stadium which surely would have killed anyone if it hit them," says Minnesota's Larry Hise. "It bounced off the glass in the Stadium Club and everyone stopped eating there for a long time."

"He hit a ball to center field in Dodger Stadium that took about three seconds to get out of the park at the 410-foot mark," says Bobby Darwin of the Twins. "It was like watching an Indianapolis race car."

"I think Dick probably hits the ball harder than anyone in the world," says Baltimore's Boog Powell.

None of which is to suggest that Allen is just a muscle man. Pitchers agree that he is smart, knows what they are trying to do to him, is liable to hit any pitch and goes for the kind of hit that is strategically called for. He will decoy you by looking so bad on a pitch that you throw it again—and he is laying for it. He can also demoralize you with his casualness. When Gary Gentry was breaking in with

the Mets, Allen got a hit off him while talking to the New York bench.

Allen fields, runs, sacrifices himself to advance the runner, hits with power to all fields, talks to the pitcher, teaches young players how to hit, persuades Manager Chuck Tanner to make an innovative change in infield strategy. He is, in sum, both a natural player and a finished one. "He is the closest thing to being a perfect ballplayer that I have ever seen," says Boston's Luis Aparicio.

In other words, Allen is a wily but unsurpassedly powerful spray hitter. A team player who has bounced around. He is a mentor to the young, a seasoned veteran whom managements have seen as a discipline problem. The more you learn about Allen from outside sources, the more he swims before you.

So it is necessary to figure out Allen from the inside. Fortunately, although he has no blandly cooperative manner to trot out for constant interviews, once he opens up he is an unguarded, persuasive expositor of how his life looks to him.



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He has a staunch sense of what is right for him. That sense, along with people's resistance to it, has been the source of his tribulations.

"We can't have a different set of rules for everybody" is one of the laws of baseball, as sacred as the reserve clause that forces a player to go wherever he is assigned, traded or sold by management. "I don't know a different system," says Allen blandly. "If I did I'd be front-office material." But he is convinced he knows how he works best in his own and the team's interest. He believes the team ought to let him work that way. He also feels, as an enterprising American workman, that if he is unhappy with a company, such as the Phillies, he ought not to have to stay with it until the company sees fit to send him away.

Those radical notions began to develop in Wampum, Pa., pop. 1,189, where Allen was born and grew up with four brothers and four sisters in a house with no father or plumbing. "We had air con-

ditioning," says Allen. "It was the kind that comes in through the walls. We had a garden outside with beans and okra, corn, rutabagas and potatoes. My mom could cook that stuff. She could get down. Reach in there with a little smothered steak every now and then. Come in with that fried chicken on Sunday. Biscuits, greens, mashed potatoes. . ."

Mrs. Era Allen also washed, sewed and cleaned house for other Wampum families to support her children, and she kept her kids in line. "I was always in the most devilishment," says Allen. "One of my brothers, he'd get up in the pear tree and get a licking once. I'd keep on doing it. And I'd be hitting stones—cut the handle off Mom's old broom and throw 'em up and hit 'em—till all the windows would be broken out. I've hit stones all my life. It's still fun every now and then."

Allen cannot remember when his father was not separated from the family. "I don't have anything against the cut," he says. "We used to go work with him. I talked to him on the phone the other

night. He's 70, still driving trucks out of Coraopolis, Pa. He was always interested in horses, like I am. I used to have a stable of sticks, all of 'em with names. I've got five thoroughbreds now."

How much of Allen's character traces to his having, like a good many geniuses in other fields, a distant father and a powerful mother? It is interesting that he has no use for managers, but he loves and never argues with umpires, whose full-throated, essentially self-abnegating decisions help define his game. For her part Mrs. Allen, who talks by phone to Dick two or three times a week, declines to be interviewed. "It's too hot to have company," she says.

Mrs. Allen did not care anything about sports herself, but after her boys had done their homework and the housework at her iron behest, and when they were not working in the steel mill or the vegetable fields or throwing paper routes, she would sit on the porch sewing and watching them play ball on the WPA-built diamond a few feet from the house.

*continued*

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Duck, having his batting stroke tampered with struck at his heart. "They sent me to Elmira and the manager tried to change the way I hit. My oldest brother Sonny played semipro ball. He used the big bat, too, and he told me, 'That ball in on you, don't pull it. Fight that hard stuff to right.' But this man wanted me to pull the ball more. He was the first man I ever heard curse at me in my life. My first year away from home."

Allen persisted in hitting his own way—281, 317 and .329 at Elmira, Twin Falls and Williamsport. In 1963 he was sent to Little Rock to become that city's first black player.

"I thought I was going to stay with the Phillies that spring. They said they'd just send me to Little Rock for 30 days," he remembers. But he went there for the whole season, and when he got off the plane a man was carrying a sign that said LET'S NOT NEGRO-IZE OUR BASEBALL.

It happened that the leading elements of Little Rock had mounted a civic campaign to welcome Allen, so the town could join the International League. Governor Orval Faubus threw out the first ball, and the stands, the leading hotel and three leading restaurants were segregated. "Richie was upset one night because one person said, 'Come on, Chocolate Drop, hit one out.' " his manager, Frank Lucchesi, said that season. "That's not in taste but the fan didn't realize it. They say worse things to white ballplayers. Richie is sensitive and he is self-centered. He is not concerned about what town we're in, or what park, or what team we're playing. He's interested in Richie, and hitting."

In fact Allen became a local favorite in Little Rock, as well he might have with 33 home runs and 97 RBIs. From white Little Rock's standpoint the experiment was a success. Allen had no particular reason to be gratified by Governor Faubus' endorsement. He did not see the sense in being barred from any hotels or restaurants. And especially, he says, "It was not knowing what could happen. In Wampum we were welcome anywhere. I had heard about all that stuff, like the sign in the airport, but I never dreamed I'd be involved in it. I was scared."

At the end of the Little Rock season Allen, already feeling betrayed by the Phillies, was called up. "I saw my name in the lineup and I walked out there and hit a double. My first big-league game.

Some guys get all worked up, but I had this feeling like, 'I should've been here long ago. Here, let's do it.'"

But the situation became more complicated than that. "There was a whole lot of stuff I didn't understand. The Phillies didn't really want me from the beginning. If they had, I'd've been content to play there. Could've built a dynasty there." In 1964 he had a tremendous season and was Rookie of the Year. But the Phillies blew a big lead in the stretch. That left the razor-toothed Philadelphia fans hungry for blood.

In '65 they fixed on Allen. He made a lot of throwing errors from third base, and since he was expressionless on the field he looked arrogant. Teammate Frank Thomas, who had won the fans' hearts in '64 but was benched and restive the next season, kept baiting Allen, allegedly saying things such as "Shine my shoes, boy." Allen warned Thomas several times. Thomas reportedly said, "You may get a meal out of me but I'll get a sandwich out of you." Allen knocked Thomas down. Thomas hit Allen in the shoulder with a bat. Thomas was released and made a bid for public sympathy. The Phillies forbade Allen from telling his side of the story.

"All they had to do was call a press conference and clear things up," says Allen. "They didn't. They had a losing team, they had to get people out to the park, so they said, 'Boo that black s---buck. Go ahead, he won't say nothing.'"

Over the next five years they not only booed, they threw things. "Change, chicken bones, half-pints. That's when I started wearing a batting helmet in the field," says Allen. "Anyway, that cheap organization, they would only give you one hat, and by August it would smell like fish. . . ."

He still wears his helmet throughout a game, one of the last vestiges of the shell he built around himself as people smeared paint on his car, threw rocks and shot BB's through his windows and booed his children in the street. "At contract time they would say to look at what baseball has done for me. I'd say, 'Yeah, it's made a terrible guy out of me. People who don't even know me see me on the street and say they don't like me.'"

He would stay away from the park until the last moment. "Then my wife called my mom to try to get me to leave earlier. Mom said, 'I turned him over to you.' So my wife would run me out of

the house in the afternoon and I'd go to a bar for a couple of hours." He missed a plane, was late for buses, was absent from a home game when he got caught in traffic, showed up at the park glassy-eyed (and hit home runs that way), was blamed for the departure of Managers Gene Mauch and Bob Skinner. Allen held out for a prettier and prettier dollar, was fined several times for missing batting practice, was suspended for 26 days, got into fights in a barroom and at a racetrack. Every time he did anything irregular it fit neatly into the sports-page saga in which Allen was always the Bad Boy.

He was still, indisputably, a natural, a steady 300 hitter with 20 to 40 homers a year. "My hands may be big and rough, but they're like a surgeon's hands," he says. "They know what they're doing." Then in August 1967 he was pushing a 1949 Ford up a hill with his right hand on a headlight. The headlight broke and severed the nerves and tendons leading to his ring and little fingers.

"Things were sticking out like spaghetti. In the emergency room while I was bleeding the doctor asked me for an autograph and another man tried to shake my hand. They operated, turned the nerves inside out like telephone wire and sewed together the cables inside. It didn't work. I couldn't move those fingers. They wanted to operate again. I said no. I thought I was done. I didn't move for four days, feeling sorry for myself.

"Then I went on maybe a 2½-month drunk. That didn't solve anything. Nobody could find me. I was driving. In Pittsburgh my oldest brother gave me some static. I woke up in Mexicali, Mexico once. In L.A. my sister gave me some static. I was out of it, I didn't know where I was. I talked to my friend Clem Capozzoli from Fairfield, Calif., wherever that is. He got me to come back to Philly. There they gave me a provisional contract. 'If you can't use your hand,' they said, 'you'll be sent home on a bus.'

"On my own I went to work on the two fingers. I took a construction job, no pay, throwing bricks until I got back some of the use of the fingers. I never got all the strength back. It didn't start returning until toward the end of '71. Part of my right palm is atrophied."

Despite the impairment, he hit 33 and 32 home runs in '68 and '69. Since he could no longer throw very well, he began playing first base. There, in one ef-

continued

fort to force the Phillies to trade him, he hit upon the inspired notion of answering the fans' taunts with foot-graffiti in the dirt. "I wouldn't have had to do a lot of things I did if it hadn't been for the reserve clause," he says.

"I never made one unfriendly gesture to the stands. But once when they were getting on me I wrote coke in the dirt, saying that I'd hit one over the Coke sign. I wrote *roo*, and they did."

Commissioner Bowie Kuhn disapproved of the writing. General Manager John Quinn called down to tell Allen to quit. Allen wrote *no and*, later, *why* and then *more*—"to say she tells me what to do, not the man up there."

At last the Phillies traded Allen to St. Louis, where he hit a long home run on opening day to tumultuous applause. He respected the Cards, but he was not entirely happy in his work. "I couldn't play in St. Louis—the racetracks there operate at night and we played at night. And for some reason my mother never would come to see me there. It's the only place she wouldn't visit me. And they pulled that clause on me [the seldom-used contract provision that requires a player to accept the club's terms after a certain period of holding out]. Nobody ever did that to me before. I said, 'O.K., you'll get what you paid for—one good year.' And they did." St. Louis management may not have agreed. They did not like to have him loosening up in a bar instead of the batting cage. He went to the Dodgers. "I've never been so disappointed in my life as when I got out there," he says. "The old Dodgers were my team, but these guys were a bunch of cry-babies, always arguing with umpires and throwing their helmets. Maury Wills was hard to play with. Walt Alden treated me like a man, but he'd been quoted as saying he'd quit if they got me. Maybe he was misquoted, but he never said anything different to me. All that mounted up."

"I was hitting about .220 and I knew I wasn't going to go back. My mom said, 'Well, if it's your last year, don't you think you ought to do something?' I decided I'd get up to .300. So I did. After the season I was on my way to the racetrack when I saw a sign that said *SAN FRANCISCO*. I wound up in Tacoma, Wash. after driving all through Idaho."

By the time he got back to Wampum, fate had provided him a place to play ball where he would feel, figuratively, close

to home. In fact, Allen and his new manager, Chuck Tanner, call each other "Homey." Tanner hails from New Castle, Pa., eight miles from Wampum, and he has been acquainted with the Allen family since he watched Dick play high school basketball. In the winter of '71 Tanner urged the White Sox to buy Allen, and then paid a call to the house Dick had bought his mother in Wampum.

"I told him thank you but I don't intend to play," says Allen. "He said 'Jesus Christ.' And my Mom said, 'This guy's from home, Dick.'"

"I told Dick I would be the last manager he'd ever have and when he left me he'd go straight to the Hall of Fame," says Tanner, who talks of Allen the way Jack Valenti used to speak of Lyndon Johnson.

"I came here to Chicago to help Chuck out," Allen says. "I said I'd give 'em one year." Since then he has given the Sox several years' worth of increased attendance. He very nearly gave them a pennant in '72. "People said we had a good team," Dick says. "I didn't think we had sleep. I never had to play so hard in my life."

"Toward the end of the season I was completely exhausted, a nervous wreck. I'd been carrying the team for months. Nights I'd be hot one minute, cold the next, and wake up jumping. I didn't think I could play anymore. But this was the only place I'd felt I was liked. I didn't want to do anything to change it."

White Sox crowds not only like Allen, they seem to be anxious not to offend him lest he move to some other city. In the clubhouse, which is a good loose one, Allen is popular and admired. Though he arrives at 6:30 or seven instead of 4:30 or five, he still has time to be fitted for some new hard-to-describe suits—his look includes a cinched-in waist, big collar points, maybe some leather flaps here and there and perhaps yellow snakeskin boots. Time to observe the handcuffing of the clubhouse boy with the Pinkerton man's cuffs. Time to hear from Third Baseman Bill Melton about a place where you can get a three-quarter-length seal coat for only \$1,250. Time to slap each of a shipment of hats with his palm while holding them next to his ear. The harder the wood, the higher the ringing sound, Allen claims.

No one in years has denied that Allen puts in a full day's work once he is on the field, and his point regarding pregame

drills has finally been taken. He believes in hours of purposeful batting practice, riding the ball to right field over and over, sometimes all alone in the batting cage at dawn. But he does it only until he gets his timing down and his calluses built up in the spring. After that he feels that batting practice and most other forms of messing around throw him off his game. He wants to be in just in time to dress, maybe take a few grounders at shortstop, have a cigarette and then "Get it on," which is to say play ball.

This year he played with a broken thumb and with one eye closed by a fly. Late in June in Anaheim he leaped after a wide throw right into the path of former college fullback Mike Epstein running to first. There was a terrible crunch and Allen, having already left his feet, went flying. He got up and stayed in to make a remarkable stop and a whirling throw on a grounder far to his right. When the inning was over Tanner had to force him to go see the trainer. He had two hairline fractures of the left leg.

As the White Sox dressed after the game Allen returned from the hospital on crutches, to cries of "He's coming back! He's coming back!" As he sat on his stool he was surrounded by 30 people. Tanner and Trainer Charlie Sand knelt at his feet and undressed him.

"You have to go back to Chicago," said Tanner.

Allen said too many other people were hurt. "I've got to play tomorrow."

Wilbur Wood pushed through the crowd, took Allen's head in the crook of his arm and whispered something into his ear. Allen laughed. Outfielder Pat Kelly said Allen could return to Chicago because he and Carlos May were going to take up the slack.

"Now I know I can't go," said Allen. Kelly began dancing around the stool with his dukes up. "Now I got you where I want you. Get out here, bum."

Allen punched Kelly in the stomach with his crutch and limped into the shower. Five weeks later he returned to the lineup and went 3 for 4. He then pinch-hit twice before his painful leg sidelined him again. Now he is out for the season and the Sox are far out of the race although they trailed by just one game the day of his injury.

The great majority of players in both leagues seem to find it meet and right that Allen has at last been taken unequivocally to the bosom of a team and a town

When you start talking to players about Allen, even his past grows rosier.

Bobby Valentine of the Angels, who was a struggling young Dodger the year Allen was in L.A., says, "Duck was the only guy who had a word of encouragement for me. I had known other guys on the team five years and had only known Duck a few months. He talked to me daily about what I should do. I've seen him get arrogant, selfish and bullish at times, but almost invariably it was when reporters were in the clubhouse."

When Kansas City's Coogie Rojas was with Allen on the Phillies, Rojas called a team meeting in which players criticized Allen until he stomped out saying, "The hell with you guys." Now Rojas says, "I would pick Richie, all-round, over Clemente, Aaron or Mays."

So the matter of Allen's image may soon be resolved: Natural Allen, the Wampum Whomper, the players' and the people's choice. But Allen can't forget his life's troubled side.

He is sitting in his apartment, gloomy this evening because his leg is broken and he is supposed to be staying off it. He always seems to be a man with his forces mustered, ready to turn them loose, like a gunman listening for a slight sound to turn toward. When he feels unwanted, when the pitch is not coming in, he wants to move on. The team is on the road without him. "I've lost track of the days. I can't tell Friday from Tuesday," he says.

A notion strikes him. In a minute and a half he has thrown a can of hair spray into his briefcase, and with just the clothes he has on he is off in his Cadillac to the farm near Allentown, an all-night 750-mile drive with a broken leg. He smokes cigarettes, sips sangria, drinks coffee, eats hamburgers, drives steadily down I-80 and moves from topic to topic, often with passion.

"A white player, he can say he's got a stiff neck and he rests three days. A black player, like Carlos May, he can hardly walk and he plays. They don't want to hear it if we got a stiff neck. I don't know,

some things I still don't understand."

"That new Black Hall of Fame, the one Willie Mays and Muhammad Ali are in, that would mean more to me than anything. The other one—they had to damn near hold court to decide whether Satchel Paige got in—I'm not too interested in that Hall of Fame."

"Everything depends on how strong your mind is. You got to stick to the basic things you wanted to do as a kid. The same things I enjoyed then are the same things I enjoy now: hanging around horses, playing ball..."

"I've never voted. I don't know what Watergate is about..."

"I try to do the least bit of worrying that I can. This is me, take me like I am. Or if not, tell me to go. I will. All they can tell me is go home. And I've got a ride. And I know the way..."

"When I say home, I mean my mother's house in Wampum. She won't let me stay around there much, though. I don't do enough right things."

"Playing hurt is when it's rough,

continued

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- Is there ever a proper occasion to stand in "no-man's land"?
- How do you prevent your elbow from jutting out on the backhand?
- What do the following stand for: ATP, ILTF, WTT, USLTA?
- Why is a fast serve one of the easiest shots to return?
- What was the "Pile Affair"?
- What is the purpose of seeding players in a tournament?
- Should lefties play the backhand or forehand court?
- What famous doctor advises players against taking salt pills to prevent leg cramps and heat prostration?
- Does a spin serve have to be hard to be effective?
- Who was the teeny-bopper idol of Wimbledon?
- Where can you find a tennis self-instructor book?
- How can you learn to keep your racket face perpendicular to the ground?

- What well-known players have tried acupuncture to heal their injuries?
- Who won the National Intercollegiate?
- What player on the Virginia Slims circuit just got her PhD?
- Where can you get your own tennis stringing machine?
- What is a good age to start a child in tennis?
- How can you practice without a court?

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## ALLEN *continued*

You're pushing. You got to make the play up so far ahead. The fun of the thing for me is feeling sound and healthy, and I don't think about anything until the ball is there.

"If there's too much time between games, or not enough, I feel like my hands weigh five pounds apiece. They feel puffy. I feel like I'm not quick. I shouldn't be thinking about my hands at all. I should be looking at that ball."

"I could never take a greenie like some guys. I got enough built up between me and the pitcher anyway that if I took one of those I'm liable to go after him."

"When I get on the field, that's my outlet. Some guys, you'd be surprised. They're like horses that won't relax. The game comes hard for them. It comes easy for me. I can come up to the plate talking, whistling a little tune . . ."

"My sign, Poses, is two fish—one going along with the flow, cool, the other fighting the current. Yeah, that's me playing ball. I'm cool but I'm playing go-go, pressure ball. That's the pleasure of it, feeling both ways at once."

"But I have to put up with so much mess just to have my little bit of fun every day. Got to go to somebody's office."

"They worry about what I do off the field, and off I go to the gym, to the room and read, listen to music and study horse conformation. At one time in my career, I won't tell you the team—I have been shadowed."

"I can't do anything that isn't me. But I've found that if you go along with these guys, it saves a whole lot of trouble. But it isn't me. But the trouble isn't either. I keep a lot of stuff to myself. That may not be good. But if I talk about it, it causes trouble. And that's not me." The seat is set way back to allow for his arms. His hands dwarf the steering wheel. He is rolling across Ohio. "I like this game, though, man. I really do."

It is daybreak. Allen is well into eastern Pennsylvania, admiring the land. "I like to ride along these roads and see the farms. I like to get out on the ground." He is going to visit his kids, notably Doo-bie, 8, who is Richard Allen Jr. People call him Richie already, and all he lives for, according to his father, is to play ball.

"The open country does something for me," Allen says, still looking out at the country. "When I was a kid, the ball diamond was just right across the road."

END



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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

# THE READERS TAKE OVER

### DOUBTED THOMAS

Sirs,

Thanks to Ron Reid for writing a story with something good to say about Duane Thomas (*Staring and Staring*, Aug. 27). That great athlete has been kicked around too long by his teams, the press and so-called fans. After he just about singlehandedly won the Super Bowl for them the Cowboys had the nerve to ship him off to a bush team like San Diego. Although not a Washington fan, I would like to see Thomas help the Redskins to a Super Bowl victory.

A final point: no athlete should be subjected to the loudmouth slob in the stands. After attending a game last year between the Giants and Redskins and watching some guy give Larry Brown a beer bath, I feel that the athletes should have more protection from the crowd. If I had been one of the Redskins in the game in Buffalo, I probably would have let Duane go after the abusive guy.

MARK PRESTON

Norwalk, Conn.

Sirs:

This is one fan that Duane Thomas did not lose with his "protracted silences and other specimens of antisocial behavior." Thomas has courage, talent and intelligence, and his actions speak louder than words.

MARILYN MAGNALL

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

Duane Thomas has been a thorn in the NFL's side ever since the 1972 Super Bowl. The dumbest thing about it is that he gets more attention than a player who does his job and causes no commotion. Thomas dropped out of two teams and most people thought he had had enough chances.

Duane Thomas is not king. He doesn't need protection. He caused a lot of trouble. Now he is getting some of it back. It's all fair and square.

MARK A. GEORGE

Glassport, Pa.

Sirs:

I resent your using a picture of Duane Thomas on the cover. Any man who turns his back on the flag does not deserve to be on the cover of a national magazine and, of all things, made to sound like a hero.

The real reason the Buffalo fans got on Thomas was not because they were "frustrated by the Bulls' ineptness" but because they were, as I am, sick and tired of the antics this man employs on and off the field.

WAYNE LIBBY

Miami

Sirs:

Duane Thomas wants everyone to leave him alone and respect him, so when everyone else faces the flag, why does he offend 30,000 people by not doing it? Does he want more trouble?

Duane is a great football player. He has it made in Washington. Let's hope he realizes that fact.

LARRY HOON

Saginaw, Mich.

Sirs:

Why is Duane Thomas' refusal to face the flag during the playing of the national anthem pointed out when the same picture shows another Washington player facing the flag with his helmet still firmly placed on his head?

JEFFREY M. GRAVES

Durham, N. C.

Sirs:

SI Photographer Neil Leifer also "reverted to form" by choosing to face Duane Thomas instead of the flag during the national anthem. People in glass houses should not throw stones.

BERNIE D. RIMMON

Burke, Va.

### CINCINNATI'S ROOKIE

Sirs:

I am overjoyed that you finally wrote about Dan Driesen, one of the best rookies in Cincinnati since John Bench (*Red's Rookie Is a Tough Cookie*, Aug. 27). The Reds were 5½ games out of first place and failing when Driesen was brought up. Now he is batting over .300 and has brought the Reds within three games of first place. The next time SI mentions something about Dan Driesen may well be in an article on the World Series.

ROSS HERR

Hartford City, Ind.

### REED'S RECORD

Sirs:

I would like to inform your readers that as of Aug. 20 George Reed of the Saskatchewan Roughriders (*Running at a Record Pace*, Aug. 13) had rushed for 12,313 yards and 108 touchdowns, thus surpassing Jim Brown's lifetime records.

George is presently second in the league in rushing and is a sure bet to once again gain more than 1,900 yards in a season. I nominate this all-time great rusher as Sportsman of the Year.

ANDY SCHELL

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

continued



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## OLYMPIC REVIEW

Sirs:

The Aug. 27 issue was one of your best ever, highlighted by the excellent article *Olympic Vision of Eight*. Coincidentally, I saw the Olympic film the same day that I read the piece. George Plimpton has provided us with a vivid picture of not only the movie but the directors, too. The excellent photographs accompanying the article were also very representative of the film.

As an amateur film maker I shared some of Mr. Plimpton's opinions, but I thought that the Arthur Penn pole-vault segment was very good.

STEVEN ROBERT ERLE

New York City

## AMATEUR GOLFER

Sirs:

I object strenuously to your downgrading women's amateur golf. Your article on the USGA Women's Amateur (*For Carol It Was Scrupulous*, Aug. 27) reflects a tone of mockery. The "tea party" implication was most unfair. Camaraderie can coexist with serious practice, concentration and dedication. During the USGA Women's Open at Rochester, too, people continued to play tennis and

swim in the pool, but a point was made of this activity at Montclair, as if to say that the tournament was not important. It is important, not only to those of us who play but to all of the people who still associate themselves with amateurism.

Except for the derogatory comment on the qualifying scores (which, although high, included 7s, 8s and 9s due to one especially treacherous pin placement), there was no mention in the article of the caliber of golf that was played—or of the difficulty of the course. Having played in both the Open and the Amateur this year, I can assure you that par 72 was just as difficult to attain at Montclair as at Rochester. Two over par won the Women's Open; I do not believe the pros could have done any better at Montclair. But there was not one word as to the par or over-par performances at Montclair. For example, I was one under par for the 15 holes of the semifinal, and in the final Carol Semple, who was three down going into the 7th hole of the afternoon round, played the remaining 12 holes in two under par to win the championship. And all of this came at the conclusion of eight rounds of golf in six days on a very hilly, physically and mentally demanding golf course!

In your July 30 article on the Women's Open you devoted a substantial amount of space to Laura Baugh, who finished tied for 25th. No fewer than seven amateurs equaled or bettered her mark—people like Mary Budke, last year's Amateur champion, a very serious pre-med student who, playing in virtually her first competition of the year, finished 17th, far ahead of many "name" professionals.

I am not trying to belittle professional women's golf; I only wish you would give women's amateur golf its fair shake and due respect. There are a lot of us who choose to remain amateurs and are proud of it.

ANNE SANDER

Seattle

## JABS

Sirs:

No Piece of Coke for Patty (Aug. 20) is nothing more than a poorly written jab at the 1971 Heisman Trophy winner, Pat Sullivan. Should a courageous young quarterback be discredited solely on the basis of one performance, particularly his first in a starting role? More important, can Joe Marshall not distinguish between self-confidence and cockiness? Perhaps it speaks well for an in-

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Lee Goldboss adds, "You go around to a lot of banks and they plug you into the same old formula. You have to score so many points or it's no go. But it's not that way at Continental Bank."

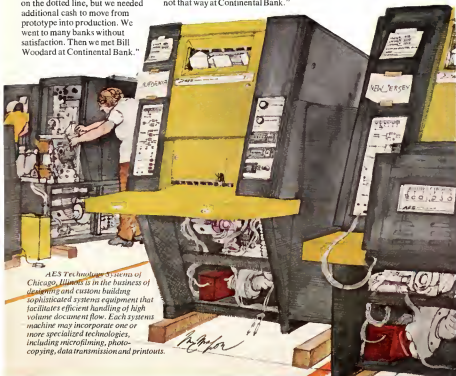
Martin Abrams sums up, "I'm sure we couldn't have cut it this fast without Continental Bank."

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dis ideal that he is able to maintain his self-confidence in spite of disappointment

LARRY E. EWING

Blackburg, Va.

Sirs:

It is hard for me to understand the rationale of Norm Van Brocklin in trading Bob Berry away, thus putting the fate of the Atlanta Falcons in the hands of inexperienced Pat Sullivan. For the last few seasons Berry has been among the leading passers in the NFL, while Sullivan has yet to prove he can cut it in the pros. What do the Falcons need with Lonnie Warwick, an aging, injury-prone middle linebacker whom they received for Berry, when they have the great Tommy Nobis? Berry might become the next passing leader if Minnesota Coach Bud Grant has enough sense to play him over Fran Tarkenton.

MARK PERLBERG

Kings Point, N.Y.

Sirs:

With the best defense in football and three great running backs (Art Malone, Dave Hampton and Harmon Wages) behind an experienced offensive line, the Falcons do not need a superstar quarterback.

GREG INGRAM

Huntsville, Ala.

Sirs:

Regarding Norm Van Brocklin's reference to the players he cut during his first season with Atlanta as "only alleged players," it seems to me, after reviewing Van Brocklin's coaching record, that the players were cut by an alleged coach.

MIKE CURRAN

Lauderdale Lakes, Fla.

#### FENWAY FIXTURES

Sirs:

I couldn't be more delighted! SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has printed two articles on Red Sox All-Star. The cover story of a few weeks ago on Carlton Fisk was one of the best I have seen in your magazine. It captured the spirit of this young catcher while giving us an in-depth look at what makes him tick. And now you have given credit to Pitcher Bill Lee for the fantastic job he has done. *A Left-handed Compliment for the Fisk*, Aug. 29! He has already exceeded the most glowing of expectations. If the Red Sox should win the pennant it will be largely because of the efforts of these two stars.

KIMBERLY ANTAL

Longmeadow, Mass.

Sirs:

It was with great dismay that I noticed in your article on Bill Lee that your writer stood the left-field wall at Fenway Park as being only 302 feet from home plate. Shame on

continued

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#### 19TH HOLE continued

you? Any true baseball fan should know that it is one of the oddities of Fenway that the right-field line is shorter than the faded left-field line. For your information it is 302 feet to the foul pole in right field at Fenway, 315 feet to left. How did that get past your copy editors?

ROLAND PARENTEAU

Washington, D.C.

● Local sportswriters who have gotten past Fenway guards and piced it off contend that Boston's famed left-field line is considerably shorter than 315 feet.—ED

#### RIVER REVEALED

Sirs:

Jack Oben's article on the Umpqua (*Love Letter to a Restless River*, Aug. 20) was one of the best your magazine has ever done. I rank it right along with Dan Levin's article on the Rappahannock River in Virginia. Keep the superb conservation articles coming.

SHIRLEY ORBELL

Hurt, Va.

Sirs:

Jack Oben is even weaker than he admits to being. In his single-minded pursuit of his story he has begun the defoliation of a great river. Santhood for Zane Grey, who kept the Umpqua secret, and may Mr. Oben spend eternity drifting on the River Styx.

SPENCER M. SNOW

Portland, Ore.

#### HOLLAND'S RECORD

Sirs:

I was mildly shocked to read of Stephen Holland's fantastic world-record swim in the 1,500-meter freestyle in the newspaper, and I was gratified to see an article (*Down Under He Went Way Under*, Aug. 20) concerning the feat appear in your magazine.

However, as a high school swimming coach and an ardent follower of international swimming, I do not feel that Holland's performance was the greatest shocker ever produced in aquatic, nor can it approach the significance of Bob Beamon's 1968 Mexico City Olympic long jump, as you suggested. Perhaps a greater time improvement took place in the same 1,500-meter freestyle event in the 1968 U.S. Olympic Trials when Mike Burton, from whom Holland took the record, lowered the mark of 16:28.1 held by Mexico's Guillermo Echevarria to a then fantastic 16:06.5—a drop of almost 20 seconds. Holland improved Burton's record by 14.7 seconds.

It may be argued statistically that Holland's and Burton's time improvements rival Beamon's feat, but to most people they were just swimming records. Because it happens with such regularity, the general public has come to take a rather ho-hum attitude when

*continued*




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# this new palm-sized machine may be the greatest breakthrough in dictating equipment since the invention of magnetic tape

We don't have to tell you as the convenience or necessity of dictating equipment. But, most dictating equipment is desk bound and so called "portable" machines are often cumbersome and heavy, have bad reproduction, use non-standard tapes of short capacity and are limited in features and performance.

But Marac Micromatic is different and better. It is a complete breakthrough in design and engineering and has features and performance never before seen in any portable equipment.

First of all, the Marac Micromatic is light and small. It weighs just 20 oz. and measures 5 1/4" x 3 1/2" x 1 1/2". It fits easily in the palm of your hand and you can comfortably carry it in your pocket or on your wrist.

It has the clarity and fidelity that you'd expect in a fine concert recorder. This performance is assured by its built-in condenser microphone, 1000 Hz. or less than 0.3%, frequency response of 150 to 8,000 Hz., and dynamic speaker with 400 mW output.

And here is the operational breakthrough that distinguishes the Marac Micromatic: it is a one-button instrument. Yes, one button does it all—recording, playback, fast forward or rewind. Even to pause temporarily in recording or playback, is done with a hold button and with just one finger.

Naturally, the Marac Micromatic uses standard 6 or 9 hr. tape cassettes available anywhere. It's great for taping lectures and conferences. Its built-in 3-digit counter lets you locate any segment of the tape fast and accurately.

With the Marac Micromatic you may use any standard cassette tape player for transcription. No need to tie up the machine itself or use specialized transcription equipment. When traveling, just dictate and mail your tape. Naturally, if you prefer, you can use the Marac Micromatic itself for transcription.

This remarkable instrument is simply loaded with features. Here are some others: ■ Built-in IC line amplifier for perfect recording any time ■ Easy-load pop-up cassette door ■ Built-in battery strength meter ■ Built-in recording level gauge ■ Input jack for remote control mike ■ Output jack for earphones or speaker ■ AC adapter for playing through AC outlets ■ Uses four standard batteries

The best surprise, perhaps, about the Marac Micromatic is the price. It's just \$99.95. Compare this value with other recorders selling for \$150 or more.

Standard equipment for the Marac Micromatic is ■ the AC adapter ■ earphone ■ set of four batteries ■ one blank cassette ■ vinyl carry case with lanyard.

The Recording Accessory Kit contains deluxe fitted carry case with hand/shoulder strap, remote microphone, cigarette lighter adapter for car use, six blank cassettes with index cards and four batteries.

The Transcribing Accessory Kit contains foot pedal, mini ear set and telephone picking.

Order the Marac Micromatic system in full confidence and add hours of efficiency to your every workday. We give you a two-week unconditional return privilege and one-year guarantee for parts and workmanship [we repair free, only charge for postage and insurance].

Please send me: ☐ Standard Marac Micromatic \$99.95  
☐ Recording Accessory Kit \$29.95 ☐ Transcribing Kit \$19.95  
☐ My check for this amount [cash deliver add tax], plus \$2 for post and insur. is enclosed.

Charge my ☐ BA, ☐ MC Card, ☐

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ (For MC or BA only)

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331-2



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\$99.95

## 19TH HOLE continued

a swimming mark is broken, no matter by how much. In this respect, swimming has become a victim of its own phenomenal progress. Holland's record will certainly be in jeopardy this month because he or Rick DeMont or some other young upstart could better that time in Belgiate at the world championships. If that does not happen, do not expect the record to last very long.

On the other hand, if one starts talking about Beamon's mark being challenged, just forget it. It has been five years since he jumped 29' 2 1/2" and no one has come close since. Someday his record will be broken, but I doubt that many of us who enjoy your magazine will be around to read about it when it happens.

DARRILL A. GREEN  
Swimming Coach  
Maine West High School

Des Plaines, Ill.

## EARLY FLYER Sirs:

In his fine story on the Experimental Aircraft Association's fly-in (*Breezer Off to Oshkosh*, Aug. 20) Cokes Phinney mentioned Oshkosh's Wittman Field, where the event took place. He would have done well to mention the man for whom the field was named—Steve Wittman. Wittman, who is still living and flying in Oshkosh, was one of the most innovative of light-plane designers in the 1930s. His tiny Bonzo, using his unique short-wing design, raced in the Thompson Trophy events of those years, challenging Roscoe Turner and others flying larger planes with larger motors.

After the war another Bonzo pioneered the midget racing-plane class and Wittman won his share around the pylons until the mid-1960s. His Tailwind sport planes were very popular, too.

In other words, if you are going to mention Wittman Field, the story lacks something when it doesn't mention Steve.

VENUS WOLFSON

Bethesda, Md.

## SPORTSMAN Sirs:

When it comes to selecting a Sportsman of the Year why does everyone seem to forget the one person who places the development of personality and character of young men above the almighty dollar—Joe Paterno of Penn State. All others mentioned so far are playing primarily for money. Joe's dedication to sport continues to bring greater and more lasting results.

LOUIS SANGERMUND

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## Does LEISURE Rhyme with PLEASURE?

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